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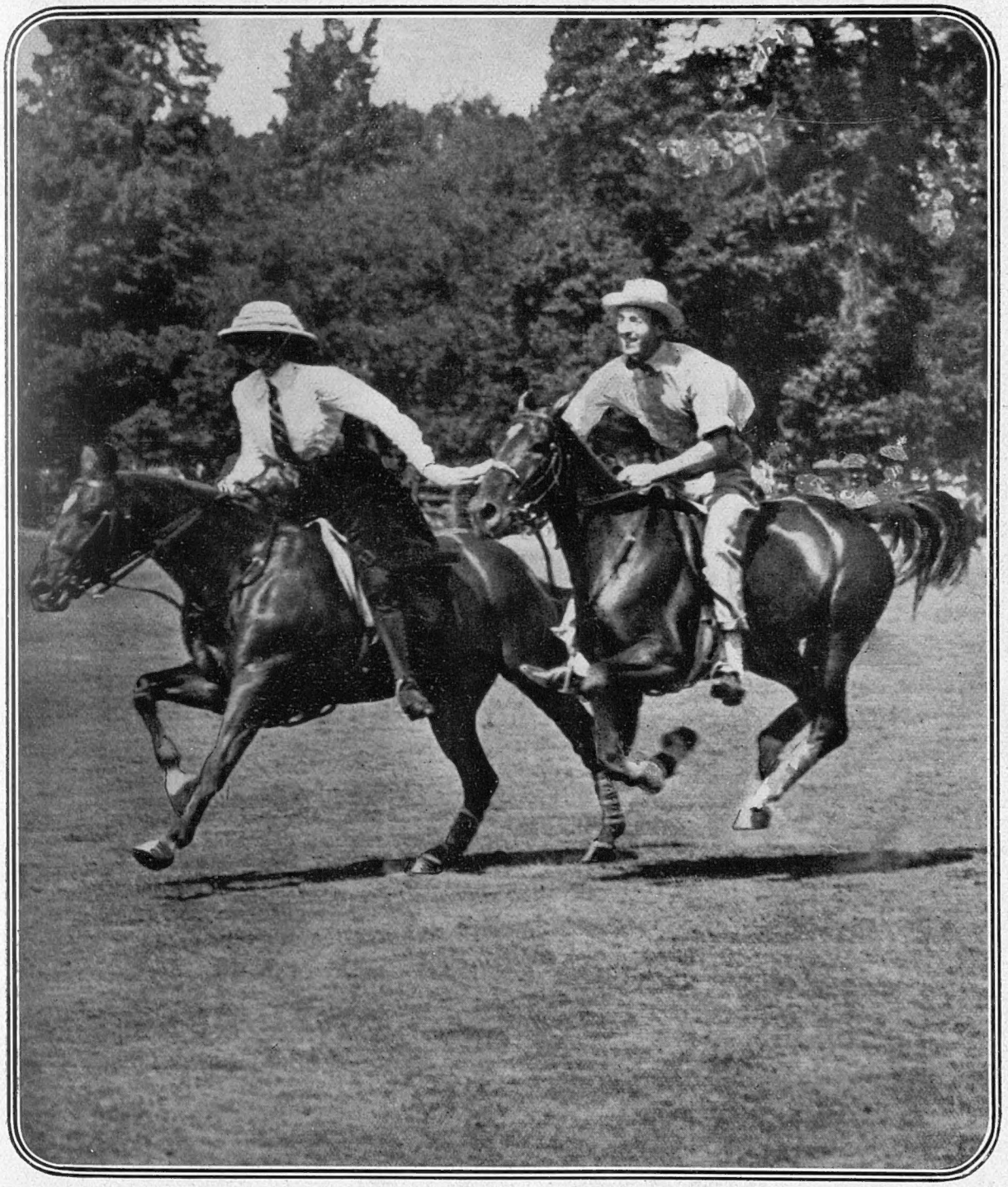
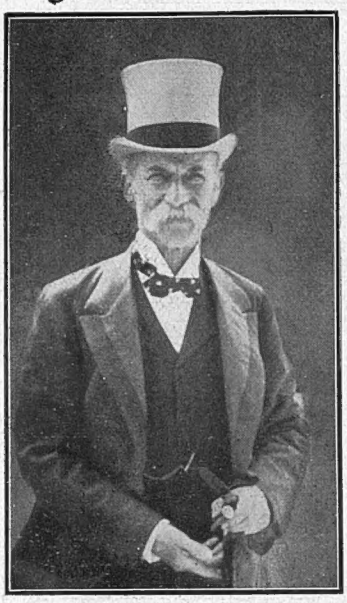


THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1911

WESTMINSTER HALL: HOUSE OF LORDS REDUCED TO IMPOTENCE
EATON HALL: GRAND GYMKHANA FOR PEERS AND PEERESSES

The latter fête was honoured by the attendance of the King and Queen of Spain. Our picture shows the Duchess of Westminster and Viscount Castlereagh winning the Gretna Green race. The Duchess's charming riding costume will be generally admired

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

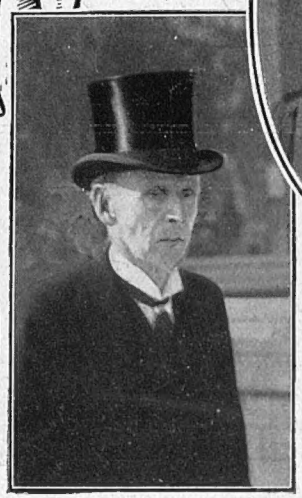


The Marquess of Lansdowne

"I am not a pusillanimous person, but I prefer Parliamentary methods"

The Earl of Rosebery

"Whatever happens, I recognise from the bottom of my heart that nothing can restore the House of Lords"



Viscount Morley

"I cannot see how this eloquence is relevant"

Earl Curzon

"I would sooner run away with the Duke of Wellington than stand with the Marquis of Bristol"

AS THE BYSTANDER has anticipated ever since the last of the various General Elections, the Veto Bill has passed the Lords. The noisy people are indulging in the expected paroxysms. The Lords have committed suicide; it is the end of Two-Chamber Government, and so on. What a desperate lot of pessimists we all are these days! Nothing happens that is not a catastrophe. For my part, I foresee that Parliamentary affairs will proceed much as usual, save that the Liberals will now no longer possess their favourite excuse for dropping or not producing the Bills that their flesh is heir to. No longer will it be possible for them to put their factions off with the plea, "Oh, but the House of Lords will throw it out." A Liberal Member who dislikes a Bill will now be compelled to vote against it in the Commons, not to depend on the dear Lords to reject it. The Commons, in fact, will become a much more independent and responsible body. Lastly, but not leastly, the Liberals will lose their best reserve rallying-cry, "Down with the House of Lords!" Which means that the two parties may now face each other on something like equal terms. Had the Die-Hards won, we should have had it still with us, and lost a few more General Elections as a result.

Heroes All

If these anticipations are wrong, and the Commons becomes a "horrid arbitrariness"—well, is England incapable of producing another Cromwell to take away their bauble? Not, I imagine, so long as there remains a Willoughby de Broke, alone, to say nothing of a Halsbury, a Selborne, a Smith, or a Cecil. From the Conservative point of view, we can still thank God we have a House of Lords, even if it has lost its absolute Veto. Had the Die-Hards won, and forced the exercise of the prerogative, it would have been a House of "Lords"—an institution which nobody would have been irreverent enough to associate with the deity. I hope something will be done, though, for the poor Barons that Might Have Been. Some special order of merit should be designed for the breasts of those who were at all events willing to go up with the Five Hundred.

The Moral of the Strike

The lesson taught by the Great Strike seems to be that it is a pity that wage-earners and wage-payers cannot settle their business differences without putting everybody else to loss and inconvenience. Strictly speaking, the dispute with the dockers and their allies was a purely private matter between themselves and their employers, and there was nothing to justify the heroics of the "leaders," or the street processions of the men. There is certainly no reason why the general public should have been threatened with something like famine just because two or three parties to a contract cannot agree among themselves as to the terms of that contract. It is true that the threatened famine did not, fortunately, materialise, but the machinery for feeding London is so delicate that it may easily be put out of gear by the extremely unscientific method of the Strike. That there was less violence than was anticipated in London seems to have been due to the temper of the men themselves, to say nothing of the admirable ubiquity of the police. The men's leaders seem to have confined themselves to passing a pious resolution deprecating "hooliganism"; but a mob that has once got out of hand is not to be called back by pious resolutions.

The "Leaders"

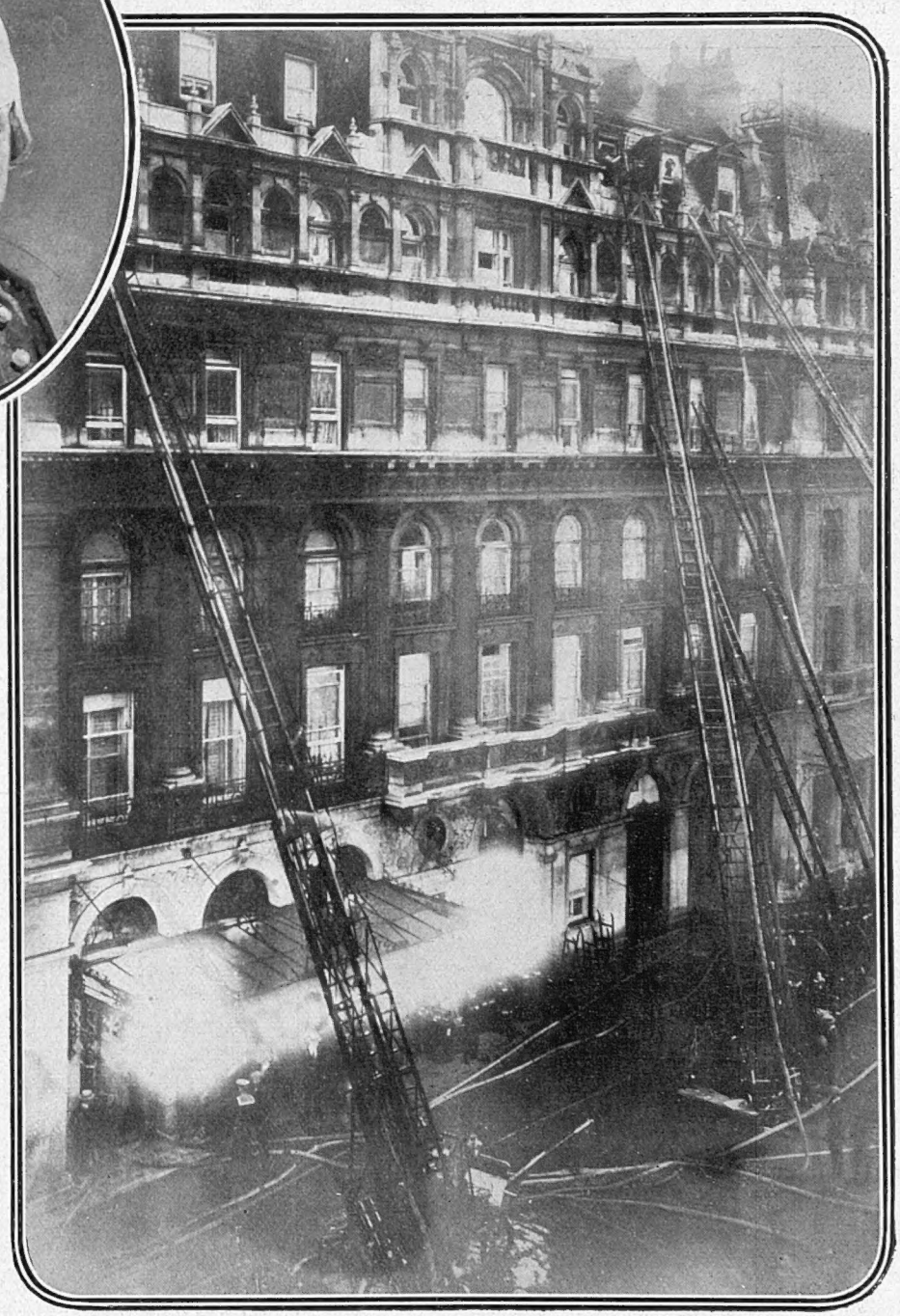
A responsible person would think twice before letting loose a badly organised mob in the City of London; and the mere excuse that the men's "leaders" are not responsible does not offer very much consolation. If Strikes are likely to recur very frequently in the future, it might be as well to obtain some sort of guarantee from the "leaders" that they are competent to lead and really have their legions properly in hand. In more than one instance the "government" on Tower Hill seem to have made a tremendous fuss about signing a formal "permit" for a waggon to pass through its lines, but the "permit" proved to be of very little use unless the waggon concerned had an efficient police escort. It would seem, therefore, that the men's "leaders" are arrogating to themselves a dignity that is not conceded by their followers; and the danger of a general riot must have been very real during these last few days. The only consolation for the constitutionally minded person in this very regrettable outbreak is the demonstration it once more afforded that a body of men, however unanimous in their intentions, cannot act without a leader of some kind. The initiative to strike or refrain from striking must come from outside.

The L.F.B. Uniform

This interesting picture shows in detail the handsome equipment of the gallant men who assisted to extinguish the Carlton Hotel fire

The "Other" Government

The other Government, sitting in modest obscurity at Westminster, seemed to be satisfied that everything was quite all right. After all, they probably reckoned that the Strike was reasonable enough, since the strikers had very fair reason to suppose that a Government that specialises in distributing to the Have-Nots the property of others, would look with a kindly eye on anything that pointed to a wanton destruction of wealth. At the moment of going to press the figures are not available; but the indirect loss to innocent people who had no sort of concern with the question at issue must be represented by a very large amount. In the busiest part of the City—the part where Time really is Money—business was practically impossible.



THE GREAT "FIREPROOF FIRE": THE CARLTON HOTEL ABLAZE

The Carlton Hotel was terribly damaged by fire last week, though said to be of fireproof construction. The scene was witnessed by many thousands of spectators, Mr. Winston Churchill, however, not arriving on the scene quite as early as usual

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THE WOMAN IN IT. By Charles Garvice. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
POOR EMMA. By Evelyn Tempest. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
CAPTAIN BLACK. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell: 6s.)
BARBAROUS MEXICO. By J. K. Turner. (Cassell: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE REIGN OF THE SAINTS. By J. Trevena. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
DIVIDING WATERS. By J. A. R. Wylie. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
THE BIG FIVE. By A. Pratt. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
PHYLLIS IN MIDDLEWYCH. By Margaret Westrup. (Lane: 6s.)
MRS. NOAKES. By C. A. D. Scott. (Chapman and Hall: 6s.)
THE COMPLICATIONS AT COLLAROI. By Rose Boldrewood. (Ouseley: 6s.)
NIGHTS WITH AN OLD LAG. By W. J. Wintle. (Ouseley: 5s. net.)
THE SOCIALISTIC COUNTESS. By H. W. C. Newte. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
A HOLIDAY IN GAOL. By F. Martyn. (Methuen: 3s. 6d.)
THE GAY KING. By Dorothy Senior. (Paul: 12s. 6d. net.)
THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER. By N. Innes. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE PINFOLD. By J. S. Fletcher. (Everett: 6s.)
THE PRICE. By Gertie de S. Wentworth James. (Everett: 6s.)
JOAN OF THE TOWER. By Warwick Deeping. (Cassell: 6s.)
WHITE'S SELBORNE. By R. Kearton. (Cassell: 3s. 6d.)
THE ECONOMY OF FOOD. By J. A. Murray. (Constable: 3s. 6d. net.)
THE HERB GARDEN. By Frances Bardswell. (A. and C. Black: 7s. 6d. net.)
HAUNTED. By Gertrude Warden. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
A WAYFARER'S TREASURES. By C. O. G. (Fifield: 3s. 6d. net.)
THE TRAGEDY OF ST. HELENA. By Sir Walter Runciman, Bart. (Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d. net.)
REPTON. By Lieut.-Colonel F. Kane. (Murray: 6s.)
CROOKED ANSWERS. By Phyllis Bottome and H. de L. Brock. (Murray: 6s.)
THE VALLEY OF REGRET. By Adelaide Holt. (Lane: 6s.)
SECRET SOCIETIES AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By "Una Birch." (Lane: 5s. net.)

At Court and in Society

Royal Plans

WHILE the King pays shooting visits the Queen remains South in order to be with the Princess Mary while Her Royal Highness recovers from a slight operation. Next week Her Majesty is expected at Balmoral, where already the younger Princes are in residence, and where the King is expected to arrive on or about the 28th of the month.

Mr. Balfour to the Bad

As most of us anticipated, the final progress of the Parliament Bill somewhat flagged, and, with Mr. Balfour gone to the Bad and Mr. Asquith hidden in the country, things weren't half so exciting as they might have been. We had heard too much about it, perhaps, or, with a shade temperature of 98, it was too hot to bother. Anyway, what seemed to touch London imaginations much nearer was the great Transport Strike, with its dire effects on those much nearer things—food, traffic, and the housekeeping books.

Spain at Eaton

And while the world in cities wagged thus feverishly and seriously, down at Eaton, where the Westminsters entertained their Spanish Majesties, and a very gay young party in addition, what is commonly known as a "high, old time" was in progress. "Dressing-up," charades, gymkhanas, practical jokes, and similar noisy delights were ever in high favour at Eaton. As may be imagined, therefore, the charming spectacle of such sprigs of greatness as Lord Castlereagh, Lord Stafford, Lord Hugh Grosvenor, Lord Dalmeny, and Lord Rocksavage running races in skirts and other feminine impedimenta simply "went" like hot cakes, and, of course, entranced King Alfonso.

Photographs **Viscount Gormanston**

Lafayette, Dublin **Miss Eileen Butler**

The interesting engagement of Lord Gormanston, of Gormanston Castle, Co. Meath, to Eileen Alice, younger daughter of the late Lieut.-General Sir William Butler and Lady Butler, of Bansha, Co. Tipperary, was recently announced

The Carlton Fire

It was really rather horrible, that fire at the Carlton, and not at all comforting reading for the many who use big hotels of alleged "fireproof" construction. This being the off-season, most of the guests in the hotel at the time were, apparently, Americans (who should by now have grown comparatively accustomed to "fireproof" fires!). But there was also a fair sprinkling of "hereditary legislators" and others whom the political situation had tied to this hot and dusty town.

Left to right: King Alfonso, the Duchess of Westminster, Princess Pless, and the Queen of Spain. *Back row (standing):* Countess Grosvenor and Lady Ursula Grosvenor

Some of the House-Party for the Eaton Hall Polo

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster entertained a large house-party, including the King and Queen of Spain, last week. Polo and a variety of hybrid sports formed the staple part of the entertainment of several hilarious days

Free Entertainment

Catastrophes of this kind always *do* happen at the wrong time, of course, and it was really very unfortunate that fire should have broken out just as most of the guests were undressing for dinner. However, it's an ill wind, etc., etc., and the unwonted vision of lovely ladies perambulating the Haymarket (cabs were, of course, at a premium) with only a wrapper and bath slippers 'twixt them and Nature hugely delighted an immense crowd, which by the way, the police held very insufficiently in check.

Photograph] **King George on the Moors** [*Sport and General*

Saturday was the opening day of the grouse-shooting season. The King shot on the famous Dallowgell Moors at Studley Royal with his host, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Durham, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, and Sir Frederick Ponsonby. The six guns secured 1,140 birds—a fine record

Two Great Events

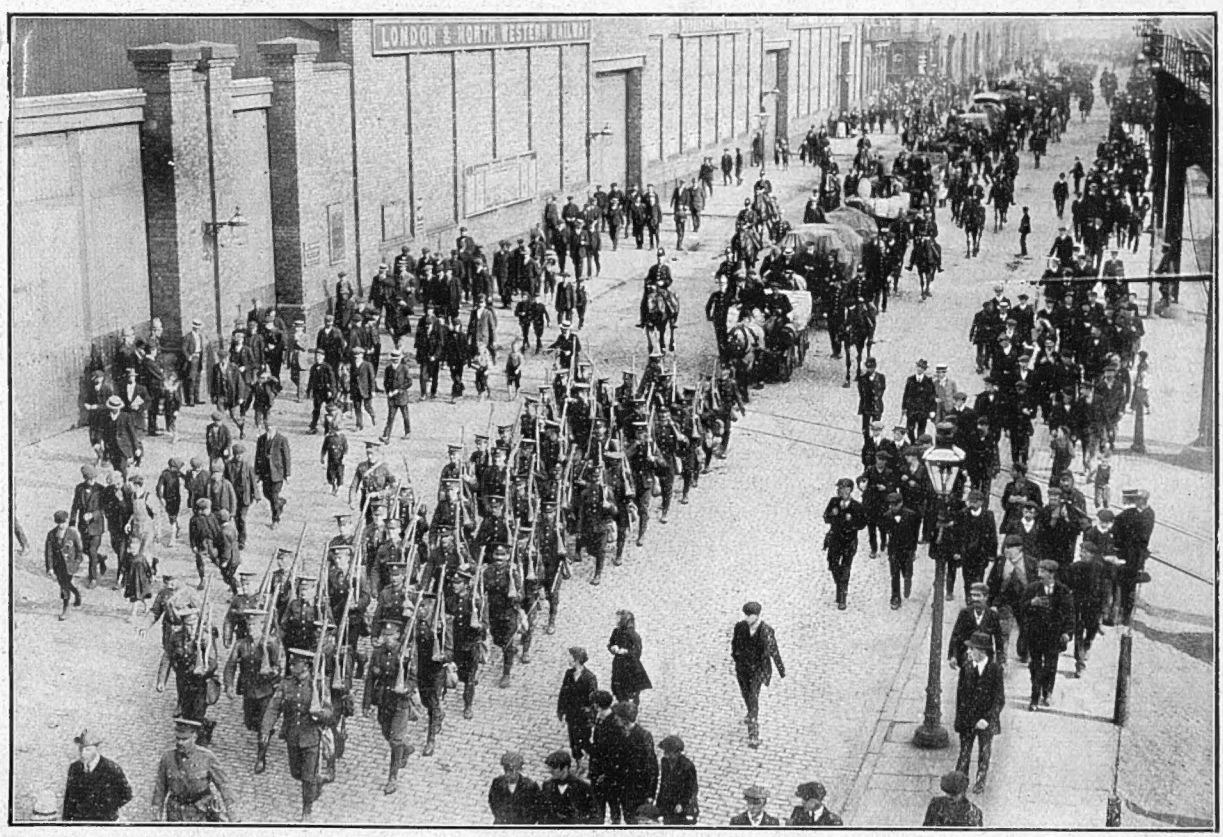
This is the last week of the famous summer Parliamentary Session of 1911. Its chief events will be the giving of the Royal Assent to the Veto Bill and the close of the BYSTANDER Parliamentary Competition. Readers of this paper who have sent in forecasts of the number of their Members' votes and speeches will keep a close watch on the latter's doings this week. It is certain that the amount or lack of enthusiasm displayed by M.P.'s this week will decide once and for all the destination of that luxurious car, which is even now being upholstered in a manner that princes would approve.

In the Lords

Last week, visions of "the large freedom of the open moor, the great hills that flank the tawny burn," alternately clashing with ideas about "the red bird calling across the brae, out of his heather bed, superbly pink" (see *Punch*), heated but noble legislators thronged the House of Lords, seeking to be in at the death at the last performance of that most famous farce of modern times — the Parliament Bill.

Some Members

Looking merry as grigs, and not in the least overwhelmed by the situation, the Duke of Westminster and Lord Shrewsbury stole an hour or so from the Spanish revels at Eaton and popped in to see how things were going. Among backwoodsmen was Lord Poulett, looking not altogether happy in the solemn place that not long since confirmed his rights to the title. Lord Lansdowne looked dispirited, more Victorianly drooping than ever; while Lord Crewe was faltering in speech and manner; and only the veteran Lord Halsbury (*what* vitality they have, these last generation men!) seemed to think it worth while doing anything that could possibly make one hotter than one already was.



Men of the Warwickshire Regiment and City Police Escorting a Convoy of Loaded Lorries in Liverpool

London strikers, by behaving peaceably, set an excellent example, which was not followed by their brethren in the provinces. Disgraceful scenes were witnessed in Liverpool and Glasgow, scores of policemen and strikers being seriously injured. The presence of the troops at Liverpool was apparently not taken advantage of to quell "the battle of Lime Street." A few rounds of blank cartridge fired over the mob's head would certainly have saved many broken heads

Demos in Determined Mood

SCENES IN LONDON DURING THE GREAT TRANSPORT STRIKE

Automobiles as Meat Vans

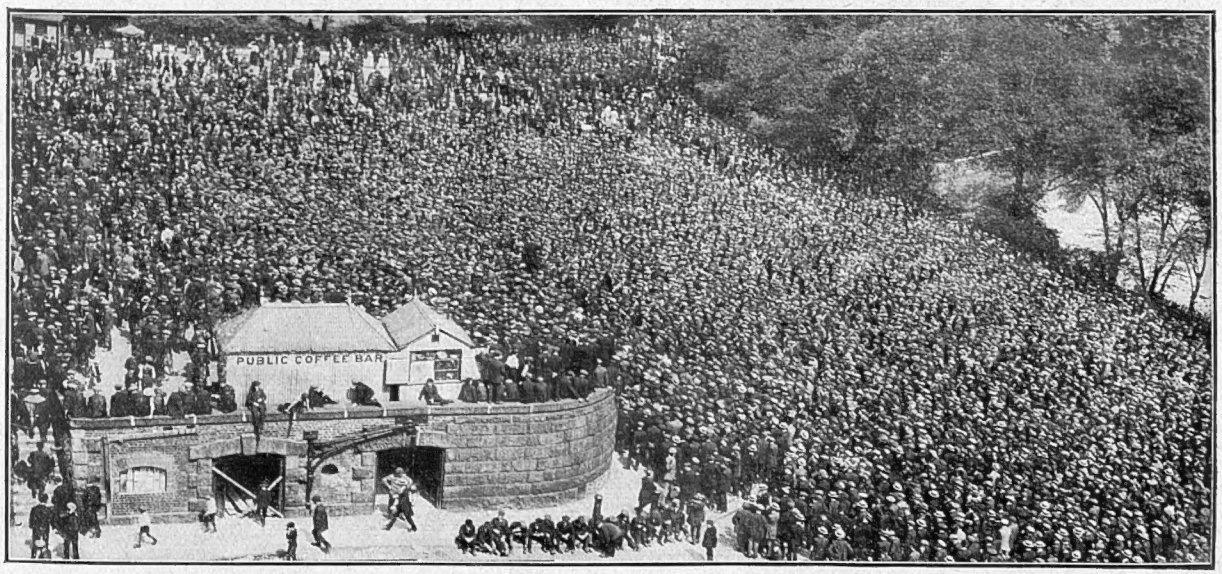
The difficulty of providing meat for their guests was solved by certain hotel managers by carrying supplies on their own cars

Rehearsing Macaulay's New Zealander

The hub of the world which did not revolve, strikers forbidding carmen to transport goods about the Metropolis. Our illustration shows the scene of desolation at the Bank at 11 a.m.

Following My Leader

A procession of ten thousand strikers being marched through the City by Mr. Ben Tillett, the Toy Napoleon of the movement



Haranguing the Mob on Tower Hill

Great crowds were assembled each day by the Strike leaders on Tower Hill to infuse them with new courage. Everybody's rights and wrongs were discussed except those of the poor people who were broiling under an August sun without fruit and ice

In the Gallery

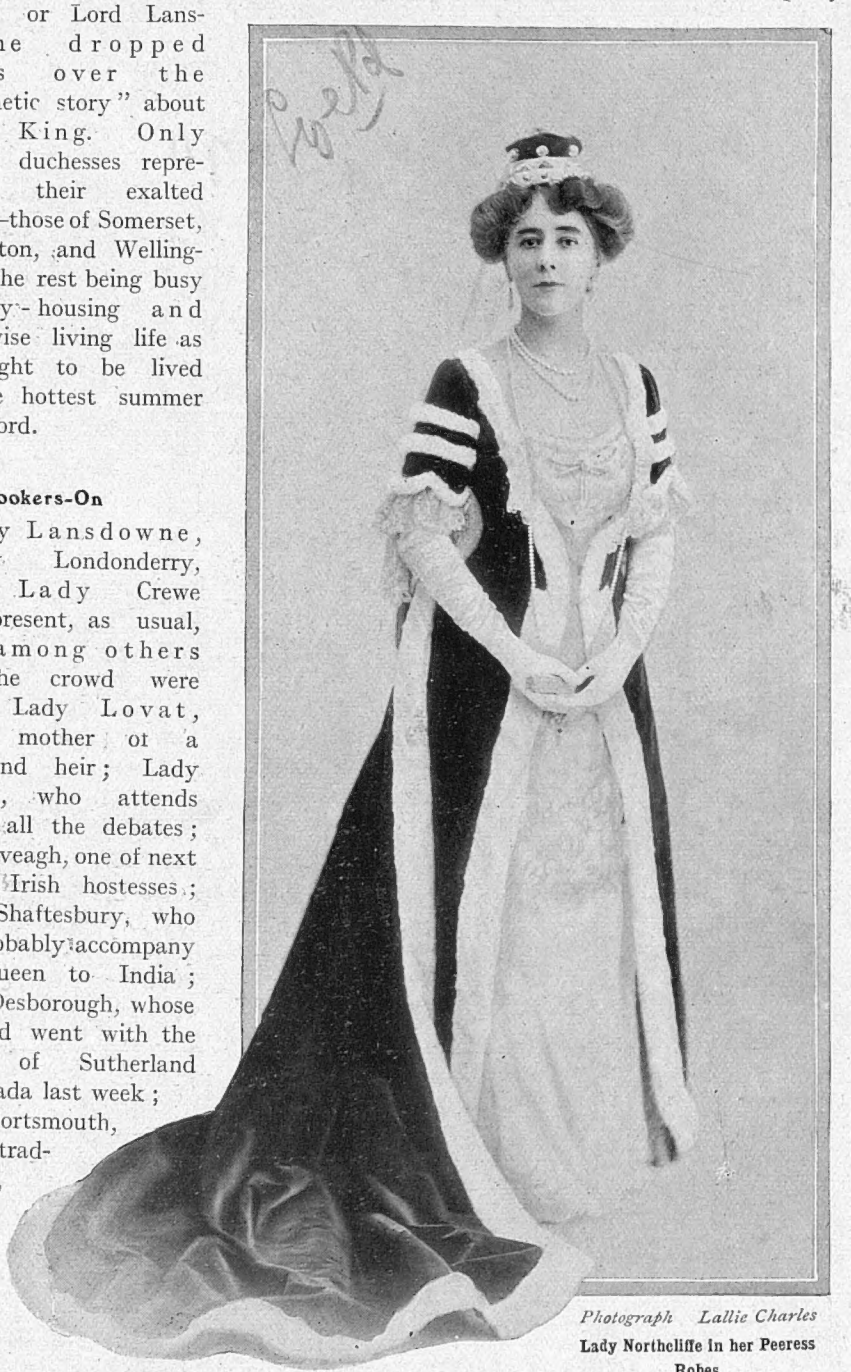
In the Peeresses' Gallery there was packed a white clad crowd that fluttered fans angrily and sympathetically when the dapper Duke of Marlborough, a Last-Ditcher, declared "we really must be true to ourselves and true to the people of England, whose trustees we are!" or Lord Lansdowne dropped tears over the "pathetic story" about the King. Only three duchesses represented their exalted caste—those of Somerset, Hamilton, and Wellington—the rest being busy country-housing and otherwise living life as it ought to be lived in the hottest summer on record.

The Lookers-On

Lady Lansdowne, Lady Londonderry, and Lady Crewe were present, as usual, and among others in the crowd were young Lady Lovat, recent mother of a son and heir; Lady Lytton, who attends nearly all the debates; Lady Iveagh, one of next week's Irish hostesses; Lady Shaftesbury, who will probably accompany the Queen to India; Lady Desborough, whose husband went with the Duke of Sutherland to Canada last week; Lady Portsmouth, Lady Stradbroke, Lady Southwark, Lady Pirrie, Lady Falmouth, and Lady Boyne.

Shooting Parties—

Politics disposed of for the nonce, parties for that *much* more important matter, the grouse, are this week, of course, the order of the day in all well-regulated families. At Bolton Abbey the Duke of Devonshire has invited Lord Chesterfield, a crack shot; Sir Ailwyn Fellowes, a Sandringham neighbour of the King's; Mr. Lyttelton, M.P., Lord Richard Cavendish, and Mr. Harry Stonor to shoot with the King.



Photograph Lallie Charles

Lady Northcliffe in her Peeress Robes

Lady Northcliffe is, perhaps, one of the most typical examples that may be brought to mind of the modern woman with a finger firm on the pulse of the world. Her husband's business is her business. She is eminently practical, a born business woman in fact, and is practically editor-in-chief of all "female" Harmsworth publications. She is charitable, and a patroness of progress, and was one of the first English ladies to make a flight in an aeroplane

—In Yorks

In Yorkshire, Lord Furness has the German Ambassador, Lord Nunburnholme, and Mr. Pease, M.P., at Grantley Hall; Lord Crawshaw will shoot the Hareden Moors with Lords Mostyn and Lawrence, Sir Arthur Vivian, and Sir John Llewellyn; Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth have a large party at Conyngham Hall; and Mr. Agnew is again renting the Danby Moors from the newly married Lord Downe. Further North, Lord Lonsdale, just returned from Carlsbad, is, as usual, entertaining a large house-party at Lowther.

The Irish Command

The appointment of General Sir Arthur Paget to the Irish Command in succession to Sir Neville Lyttelton is a very popular one. In Ireland General Paget will get a much better chance to distinguish himself than in the Horse Guards, over which the shadow of the War Office looms; and the advent of Lady Paget, once described as "one of the most successful, intellectual, and well-poised American women in London," will, it is hoped, make things hum a bit at the Royal Hospital, where, under the Lyttelton *régime*, entertaining has not been a strong point. It was General Paget's eldest son who recently married the daughter of Mrs. William James.

Dublin

It is Horse Show Week in Dublin next week, and for the Irish sporting world — which is nine-tenths of Ireland—all roads from now onwards lead towards Ball's Bridge. From the social point of view the Dublin Horse Show, as I ventured to remark last year, requires considerable "bucking-up." Popularly, however, and also commercially—foreigners know only too well the value of Irish horseflesh!—the great Irish horse-dealing week "goes" as well, if not better, than ever.

The Protestants and the Guarantees

By the way, talking of Ireland, we gather "from

The Holiday-Rejoicing Spirit

INFECTION SPREADING AMONGST OUR CELEBRITIES

(More Cases Next Week!)

KING ALFONSO

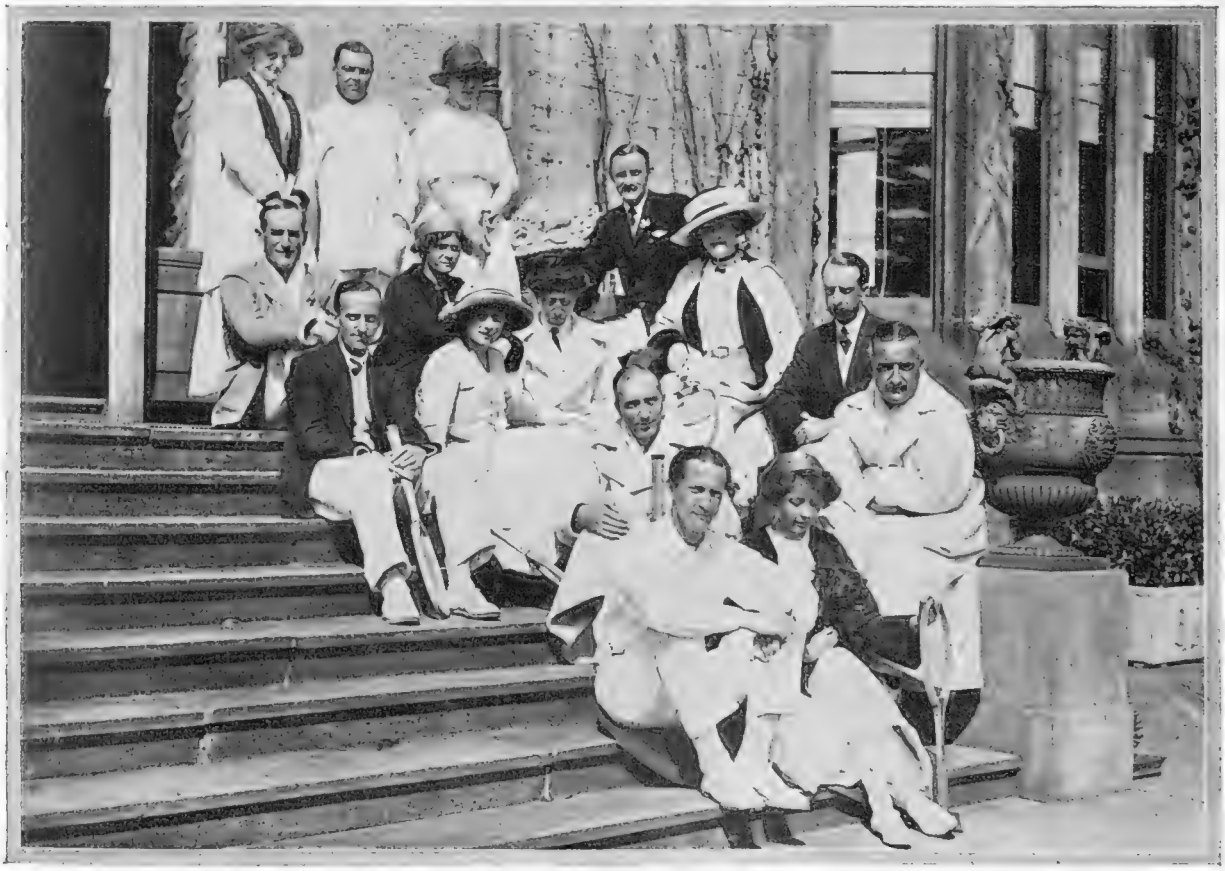
Landing at Ryde Pier and being congratulated on his one, well-earned victory at Cowes Regatta

THE ANXIOUS DUKE AND THE PALMIST

This snapshot shows His Grace of Beaufort consulting a palmist as to his future at the recent Badminton House Bazaar. There is a very natural curiosity just now among dukes as to what on earth is to become of them

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT

At the recent bazaar in the grounds of Badminton House in aid of the renovation of the church of Acton Turville



Photograph *Sport and General*

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND'S LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT LILLESHALL

Our photograph includes the Duchess of Sutherland (seated on the parapet), The Marquis of Headfort, The Marchioness of Headfort, Lady Rosabella St. Clair Erskine, Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, Miss Sloane Stanley, Miss Maxwell Scott Mr. A. W. Gore, Mr. R. B. Powell, Mr G. W. Hillyard, Mr. A. Lowe, Mr. Gordon Cleather, and Mr. W. V. Eaves

information received" that it was, perhaps, all for the best in this not always best of all possible worlds that that little matter of Mr. Asquith's "guarantees" came out *after* and not *before* the Irish visit. The Irish Protestant community, not without some reason, regards itself as "lost."

Lord Leconfield
Whose marriage to Miss Rawson will take place in the autumn

Another American Peeress

Yet another! Dear me, *how* this peer-mating industry flourishes over in the Independent Land of the Free, where, however, it is an industry not, I understand, *altogether* popular. But, then, what that flourishes ever is? And, anyway, we, on this side, are quite satisfied, thank you. We don't raise the least objection, in fact, the more the—er—moneyer being the modern motto.

The Future Lady Camoys

Née Sherman, latest of the American peeresses-to-be, is averred to be so very wealthy that it is good of her to be content with a mere baron of Victorian creation (albeit ancient lineage), when there are still a few earls and marquises left upon the market. But a weakness for "history" is, of course, a hall-mark of the modern American, and there were Catholic Camoys about when the third Henry reigned over England, while a Sir Thomas de Camoys, Knight Banneret, commanded the English left wing at Agincourt. The present Baron owns a flat in Albemarle Street and a "place" at Henley, which, however, in the interests of economy, is generally let. It was with Lord Decies (now the husband of an American heiress) that Lord Camoys went to the States last winter.

The Wedding of the Week

Is a Sussex one, that of Lord Monk Bretton and Miss Ruth Brand, which is fixed for Saturday at Firle; and the wedding of the autumn will certainly be that of yet another Sussex couple, Lord Leconfield and Miss Beatrice Rawson. These two, being neighbours, have ridden and hunted together since the lady was a child and the Baron a quite young man, and the engagement sets at rest many anxious hearts that were strongly of opinion that a mistress for the palace of Petworth has for too long been a crying necessity.

The Maidstone Baby

The excitement in America, all because a baby has been born in Fifth Avenue or thereabouts, reminds one that Grosvenor Square is also rather pleased with itself just now, having been the scene of the arrival of the son and heir that is the result of last year's biggest Anglo-American alliance—that of Lord Maidstone and Miss Drexel. This lucky young person inherits two peerages and a viscounty in addition to his mother's not inconsiderable fortune, which will grant him the added distinction of being the first of several Lord Winchilseas to be well—or even sufficiently—dowered with this world's goods.

Photograph] **Miss Beatrice Rawson** [*J. Russell & Sons*
Daughter of Lady Leconfield's *fiancée* Beatrice and Colonel Rawson. Lord is an excellent horsewoman and very popular in Society

The Astor Wedding

And apropos of American weddings, was there ever anything more truly Transatlantic than the pulpit campaign raging in New York against the marriage of the divorced and multi-millionaire and forty-seven year-old Colonel J. J. Astor with the seventeen-year-old Miss Force, of food fame? Society over here is following the affair with interest. Mrs. J. J. Astor, first wife of the prospective bridegroom, being a prominent member of that very prominent section of smart Society—the American contingent, which, *vide* the New York divines, "loves feeds, fun, frolic, and a fast life."

The Strain of Politics

No one was surprised when the Premier's throat—his weakest spot, as it is Mr. Lloyd George's—gave way last week, causing him, in the midst of the struggle, momentarily to retire from the contest. The strain of political life—even granted that all the "crises" *are* amicably arranged over someone's dinner-table beforehand—is immense, and it is with universal regret that Lord Crewe's non-recovery of his health is remarked. It is now thought improbable that he will be able to accompany the King to India in the autumn.

A Barrister Baronet's Artistic Wife

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

LADY MURIEL PAGET

Is a distinguished member of that coterie of Society that mingles the patronage of the Arts with the ordinary round of social joys. Wife of the barrister baronet, Sir Richard Paget, and daughter of Edith, Lady Winchilsea, Lady Muriel recently distinguished herself by giving, with Sir Philip Burne-Jones, a "small and early jolly" that, though neither small nor early, was undoubtedly extremely jolly. Lady Muriel is one of those now numerous Society ladies who practise a modified villegiatura by having their "town houses" in the "country," i.e., Roehampton, where, since motors came into the world, quite a lot of people now spend the London season

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

A MELANCHOLY week indeed. The news that that gallant little band of politicians—the Die-Hards—had passed away produced almost a national gloom. Certainly a *National Review* gloom.

* * *

We who are left have the consolation of knowing that their appetites—for dinners—remained clear and undimmed to the last, and that each statesman ere he passed wrote his own simple epitaph—"Resurgam."

* * *

Those best entitled to speak on the subject maintain that the *Observer* did not appear with a broad black border. One wonders why. It works out fairly cheap nowadays.

* * *

Meanwhile, the greatest traitor of modern times—the dastardly assassin of the Constitution, the vile and—and—(hang it, the English language is a very poor one when one is trying to express indignation)—the man Asquith is one person I am referring to—is enjoying the ill-gotten fruits of his short-lived triumph. Pretending to. But even in his dreams he must be seeing an imaginary line, and hearing in his ear the sepulchral voice of Mr. P. Ford, muttering menacingly, "Toe it!"

* * *

The *Cologne Gazette* has discovered that Agadir could, under German management, be turned into a second Riviera. It does seem a shame that the jealousy of the Powers should prevent Germany from bestowing such an inestimable boon upon the poor dear Arabs.

* * *

At the same time, the *Cologne Gazette* may take solace in the thought that to many people almost the greatest charm of the Riviera is that it is not under German management.

* * *

Things seem to be changing in Germany a good deal. *Die Post*, whose editor is still at large, has described the Kaiser's attitude towards Morocco as "poltroon." Surely, if the other prisons are full, a new one with a fine modern dungeon could be built for the editor of *Die Post*?

Wife: "A good likeness; what d'you think?"
The Visitor: "Terribly good"

(By A. C. Nuttall)

"A rural postman, who spent much of his time collecting birds and eggs, has been rewarded"—says a contemporary—"by being appointed assistant-curator of the chief museum in the Potteries." This is a bit of luck, for lots of rural postmen, who spend their time very similarly, are consigned by the people who have to wait for their letters to a much worse place than the Potteries.

* * *

"Camels," according to the *Daily Mail*, "are now employed at the Zoo to mow the lawns." In smaller suburban gardens, however, I imagine the guinea-pig is still to be preferred, as one cannot comfortably keep a camel in the bicycle-shed.

* * *

A touching little paragraph appeared lately in the same paper about a hen that had two homes. I did not finish reading it, but no doubt the hen had advertised in the General Wants Column, with the usual happy results.

* * *

"It would be difficult," said a doctor, speaking at the recent meeting of the British Dental Association, "to find any leader of men who had not had good teeth." How else, indeed, could they get through so many public dinners?

* * *

"Part of the Medway has lately been patrolled by Royal Marines, armed with ball cartridges, and those precautions," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "have caused some comment in the district." It may be, however, that the ball cartridges are only to be used upon mixed bathers.

* * *

The inhabitants of Hanwell are almost equally divided upon the question of whether the place should be renamed Elthorne; and as both parties think the other great idiots, the alteration hardly seems worth while.

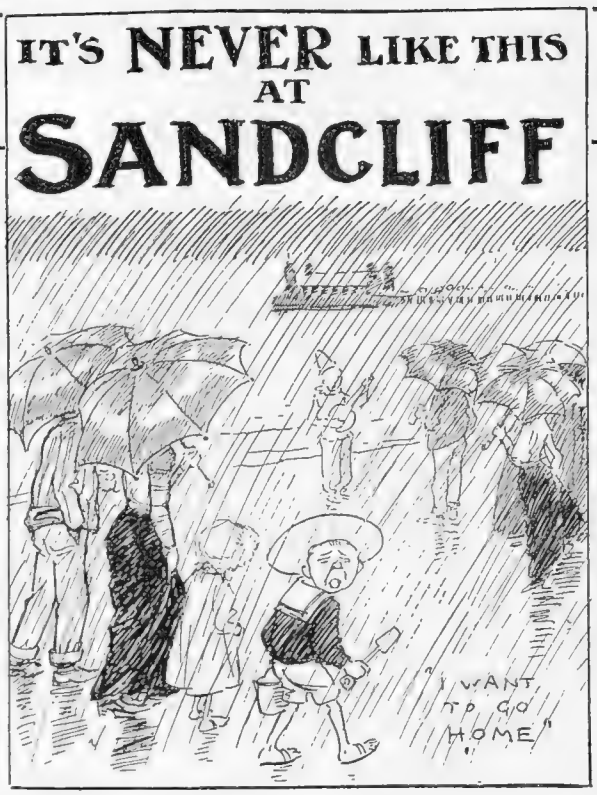
* * *

Here is a last little piece of advice—from the *Mail*. "Adults when bathing should remember not to remain in the water too long." A good way to remember would be to tie a knot in one's pocket-handkerchief and ask the machine proprietor to bring it out to one at the end of a couple of hours.

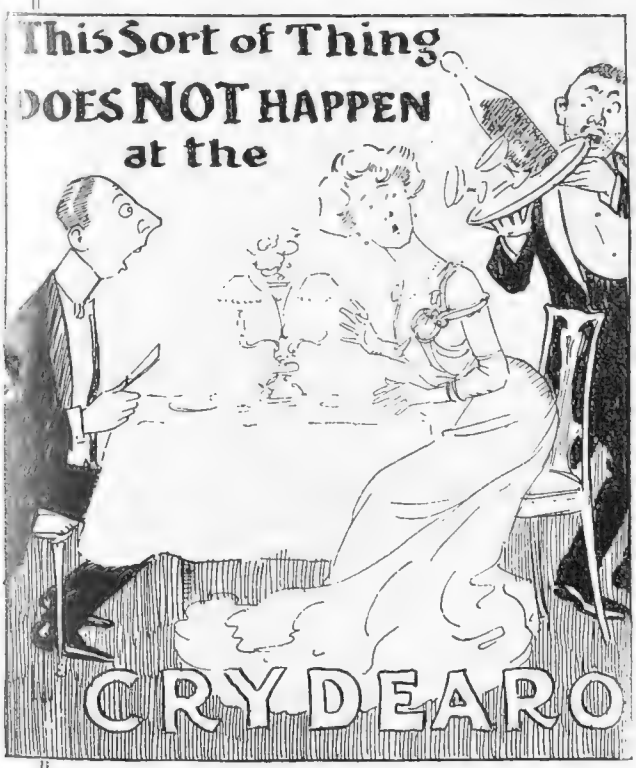
Affirmative Advertisements Doomed

THE NEW ART OF NEGATIVE PUBLICITY

DISCOVERED BY MR. GEORGE MORROW



This space was to have been occupied by a sketch which the artist refused to draw. The lettering on the abandoned drawing stated that "pages of this sort never appear in 'The Bystander'"—well, hardly ever



GEO. MORROW.

Ever on the look-out for new ideas that may be of assistance to harassed humanity, Mr. George Morrow humbly submits the above pictorial advice to advertisement managers, agents, and canvassers. It should appeal to these gentlemen, for is not negation of self their most popular hobby?

A PROPHET IN THE WILDERNESS

CONCERNING THE IDEALISM OF MR. GORDON CRAIG

Camera Portrait] **Mr. Gordon Craig** [*E. O. Hoppé*

The accomplished son of Miss Ellen Terry, whose mission to reform the crafts of the theatre has won him many admirers and detractors

MR. GORDON CRAIG is well known as a gentleman who does not approve of the modern English theatre; and it is to his credit that he has been able to show in a practical and extremely artistic manner some of the improvements which, in his opinion, the theatre needs for its salvation. Unfortunately, Mr. Craig's effects do not necessarily concern the theatre at all. They belong to any kind of inspiring spectacle, especially the kind that can never become popular. And the English theatre must be popular in order to exist. Consequently, Mr. Craig is reduced to the rôle of the prophet crying in the wilderness, that being the safest place from which to cry the particular goods he has to offer for public consumption.

Mr. Craig is an idealist, and the difficulty with the idealist is that he wants the millennium to arrive to-morrow, whereas everybody knows that it is not due till the day after. Dreamy pictures on the stage of old-time legends, or beautiful allegories of the sweet by-and-by, are all very well as an occasional treat for the elect, but they do not concern the ordinary theatre-goer, who is mainly occupied with the prosaic world of to-day. It is no good offering the public a glimpse of the furniture on the other side of the golden gates, if what the public wants is a table, two arm-chairs, and a framed oil-painting or so, to give a homely setting to the scene. We cannot always live in the dim past or the distant future. Life as it is, probably approximates to no one's ideal; but, then, it has the strategic advantage of being on the spot.

Mr. Gordon Craig has recently arisen as the champion of a much-criticised lady, and for this at least we do him reverence. That incomparable actress, Signora Eleanora Duse, recently permitted herself to remark that to save the modern theatre, the theatre must be destroyed. That sounds rather like the threat of a new Deluge, with the Signora as a modern Noah. In consequence of a rather blunt comment on this inspired utterance in one of the Sunday papers, Mr. Gordon Craig has gone to the extreme length of writing to the *Daily Mail* about it. He declares that this "crystallised statement" is profound and inspiring, and fills him and his friends with a new courage to continue the good fight for the purpose of saving the theatre against itself. I am afraid, however, that Mr. Craig rather over-estimates the value of his influence in this respect.

The fact is that the theatre is not a Home of Art at all, but a cold commercial proposition. No one regrets this more than I; but it is no use trying to kill a fact by putting salt on its tail. The plain, unvarnished truth of the matter is that people go to a theatre to be amused after the day's work or play is done. What the artistic "producer" asks, in effect, is that, having, as the result of many years' study and practice, succeeded in arriving at a certain happy effect, he wishes the tired business-man to spend a good deal of his leisure in diligently learning enough to enable him to follow the expert in this rare manifestation of exceptional knowledge. And the tired business-man retorts—well, never mind what he retorts, but it is well known that the man in the street has the courage of his convictions.—[Quite so, my dear Jingle, but does the "tired business man" exist?—Ed.]

The theatre is not a hobby for artists and archæologists. It is the resort of ordinary prosaic people, who expect to see life pictured as they know it, good practical people, for the most part without an atom of imagination in their composition—people who, indeed, regard imagination as something that is little short of immoral, since it cannot be made to square with the drab facts of daily life.

Still, Mr. Craig—like John Brown's soul—will doubtless go marching on. Quite recently he was the guest of the evening at a dinner given by his admirers, though it is difficult to imagine so ethereally minded a person doing anything so prosaic as dining. One would have thought he would have taken a minimum of essential nourishment by absorbing it through the pores of his skin, as—according to an eminent divine—the angels do. To ask such a man to dinner almost suggests the existence of a conspiracy among the Philistines to make him one of themselves by luring him from the clouds to share one of the most commonplace functions of our tenement of clay. Happily, however, as recent events have proved, Mr. Craig has got safely back to Olympus, unsullied by contact with inferior mortals, and is diligently continuing his stern vigil over the London theatres. The pity of it is that the London theatres are not worrying about it in the least.

JINGLE

The Return of Sumurùn

THE CULT OF THE GILDED EAST IN LONDON

FRAULEIN VON DERP AS "FATE": A PORTRAIT STUDY BY E. O. HOPPÉ

In Oriental magnificence, in all the gorgeous panoply of the East, with mosques, white domes, glittering turrets, and with all the charm and mystery of Bagdad, Fraulein von Derp came to London as Sumurùn. Two lovers had she, a carpet-seller and a merchant Prince. Then every man in London fell in love with her grace and voluptuous dancing. Sumurùn became the rage, the fashion, and the founder of a new cult. It is good to hear that her little silver feet are wending their way again to the Coliseum, the scene of her old triumphs. She will appear there on Monday next, the 21st inst.

AMATEUR GIPSIES

SIMPLE-LIFERS HAPPY WITH THEIR BEST FRIEND, THE HEAT-WAVE

Caravanners Bathing in a Scottish Burn

NEVER has there been such a summer as this for campers, caravanners, and simple-lifers generally. The motor is, of course, the slow-moving caravanners' bugbear; and for this reason the South of Scotland seems to have become a favourite haunt of the devotees of amateur gipsying. Hidden in the folds of the hills lie many remote little glens, sheltered and peaceful and petrol-less; and threaded by burns, limpid and chilly from the moorlands above. Too chilly the said burns usually are, from the would-be bather's point of view; but this year — behold, a miracle. For the first time since simple-lifing was invented, bathing—real, lazy, unshivering, deliberate bathing—has been possible in Caledonia's trout-streams; for the heat has been so great that even these waters have been almost too tepid for true refreshment.

The Queen of the Caravan Camp Off for a Dip

Shocked Shepherds

Thus it comes to pass that here and there the Lowland shepherds have been astonished—and, perhaps, a trifle scandalised—by the unwonted vision of "gentlefolk," in the airiest of costumes, disporting themselves in the pool where *Salmo Fontinalis* had been the only previous swimmer. That these invading 'vanners were mad was suspected before; now, promenading in bathing-suits or flapping languidly in the shallows of the burn, it was plain that the lunacy was indubitable.

Bathers Who Are Not Bairns

Only "bairns" bathed: that had been the law of these regions from time immemorial. But here were bathers who were by no means bairns—except in behaviour; nor did they all belong to the sex that may ordinarily be permitted these freedoms and eccentricities. So, altogether, the shepherd and his sheep have had a lot to think about. But by the time the gipsy party vanishes, they have generally made friends all round, and the shepherd admits that he is looking forward to a glimpse of them again next summer. And they will come back. The caravanner is rarely satisfied with but one of these precious holidays.

Touring Caravans in a Scottish Glen

WARD MUIR

The Church Militant

DR. INGRAM PREACHES OUT-OF-DOORS TO THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE

The Bishop of London spent the Bank Holiday week-end under canvas at Camberley with the London Rifle Brigade, of which he is chaplain. Dr. Ingram lived the same simple life as the men, sleeping in his tent on a camp bed, and taking his morning tub in the small tin bath usual under canvas. On Sunday the Bishop conducted the service at church parade and preached to the brigade. Inset Dr. Ingram is shown outside his tent

Sweethearts and wives are all one sees in skirts at Boulogne during August. "Merry and Bright" is the watchword, uttered by cherry lips, and spoken by bright eyes. It is a very good place for those who do not mind rich Eastern odours and the society of the bourgeois. What the place lacks in natural attractions is, in some measure, compensated for by Floral Fêtes, Gymkhanas, Beauty Shows, Battles of Flowers, and Aeroplane Flights; and there is always gambling at the Casino when other things flag

BY NORMAN MORROW

The Bystander in Berlin

THE GERMAN ANTHROPO—ÆSTHETIC IDEAL

A Fine in Season

A vituperative citizen of Mannheim was last week punished for speaking of his cousin's wife as "a skinny sylph (*eine magere Sylphe*)." They fined him fifty marks. And not excessively. To an Englishwoman the compliment "sylph" might easily redeem the derogatory adjective "skinny," but not to a German. To an amazing extent the national anthropo-æsthetic ideal runs to unmelting fleshiness. All German men love fat women; and a German lady knows no greater misery than to be "thin"—that is, to have what in England is considered a buxom, comfortable figure. The wobbling, plastic substantiality of Berlin's fair is, therefore, the first thing which strikes the stranger—or would strike him had not provident town-planners built the side-walks correspondingly broad.

"Ueppige Bueste"

Whereas English journals persistently boom specifics guaranteeing slimness and lightness, Germany's dailies and weeklies print page after page of pleasingly illustrated advertisements on "How to Get Fat." Naturally, these do not talk of fatness; but only of *ueppige Bueste*, for dimensions of flesh which in England mean repulsive corpulence here represent the ideally sufficient, but never superfluous, measure.

Other People—Other Tastes

The London weeklies print a familiar advertisement of a remedy against corpulence, showing a spherical-balloon lady as "Before," and a slim, but quite sufficiently rounded figure, as "After." The pictures from this advertisement have been copied by thrifty German patent-medicine sellers; and they are now appearing in several newspapers. All the borrower has had to do to meet the national ideal is to reverse the application. The slim, but sufficiently rounded lady appears as "Before: In the last Stage of Emaciation," and the spherical-balloon lady is superscribed, "An ideal figure after taking my remedy."

The Child Supplants the Horse

This snapshot shows some little Berlin girls on the towpath of a canal engaged in the laborious duty of tugging along a barge. The poor children of Berlin are often desperately overworked

Pity the Poor English

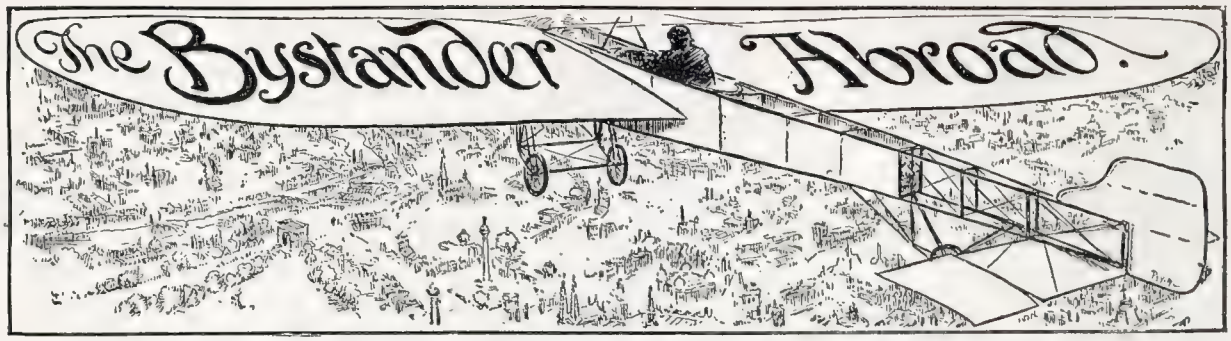
The matrimonial offers from ladies with which Berlin newspapers teem almost always mention "a luxuriant figure," and in turn the male spouse-hunter demands "a sufficient physique," and gives this demand precedence over all others, except, of course, money. (*Mitgift*, at least marks, 50,000.) In Berlin, ordinarily well-fleshed Britons are sympathetically regarded as consumptive, and kindly citizens make them useful hints about Davos Platz, the maggot cure, and the cousin, Herr Assessor Schornstein, who saved his life by rubbing his chest with typewriter oil. In fact, the whole nation is out after *ueppige Bueste*; and it is convinced that without them an individual, man or woman, is physically, and even—as Herr Groesser, of Munich-Gladbach, asseverates—also nationally lost.

Martial Mammas

Herr Groesser has published a pamphlet on "Is Our German Physique Decaying?" He quotes conscription statistics; shows that town-bred males average two inches less round the chest than they did a generation ago, and concludes with an impressive generalisation which has monitory value for the slim and degenerate Briton, "Big women mean big Empires. The ancient Germanic wives and mothers had expansive bodies; their capacious busts and fleshy limbs are symbolised in the older statues and drawings of Germania. But where are our Germanias to-day? Once Europe used to laugh at our figures, but respected our battalions; now our figures, fallen to English unsubstantiality, are treated with respect; but are our battalions? Motherly figures and a martial race—the two things are inseparable."

Prospects Fair

Regarding the figures of two servant girls who are caressing a long-tailed *Daggeln* in front of his house, the Berlin Bystander thinks there is still hope for Germany on the field of battle.



SCHINZNACH-LES-BAINS—AN UNSPOILT SWISS RESORT

The Climbing Army

It is delightful to find one corner in Switzerland as yet unspoiled by tourists. And Schinznach has no attractions for the ordinary tourist. Nowadays, when Switzerland is suggested for a change of air and scenery, immediately one conjures up visions of rows of humanity playing at follow-my-leader, and the leader dealing out to them the largest quantity of mountain scenery at the lowest possible sum. When I arrived at the Gare de l'Est, Paris, to join the Swiss train, an hour before the advertised starting time, the scene which greeted me was anything but attractive. Our thoughts all that week had been turned towards war. Here was an army! Men and women—with equal rights, we must suppose, since both sexes wore unbecoming coats and trousers—carried the same practical but unpicturesque green sacks on their backs and ice-axes in their hands, and were about to attack the Alps.

An Eloquent Reason

In the night they read aloud their plans of action—three hours' climb—5, 6, 4—it was climbing, climbing, always climbing. "No wonder," I rudely remarked to my friend, "that so many of our British aristocrats have turned this summer sport into a winter one. Such competitors are enough to freeze anyone's enthusiasm." One of the company, however, replied to her friend, "Climbing is no longer a relaxation for British Society, seeing they have so much of it at home."

An Accommodating Church

At Bâle, I was not sorry to let my train companions continue their journey to their climbing destination, and come on here to take the cure and rest. For here you can rest, wandering, when bath-time is over, beside the winding Aar or under the shelter of the thick pine forests which surround the hotel. This is the most comfortable cure I have yet taken. It is like staying at a big country house, with every possible convenience on the spot. The sulphur baths are underneath the bedrooms, so one has not to leave the premises, as in all other cure resorts. The post-office, the bazaar, the band, the doctor, the barber, are all in the establishment, and the church even is within the grounds. This church, by the way, is a kind of "Vicar of Bray" establishment, if one can thus express oneself. As a rule, it is the man who must suit himself to the church; here the church suits itself to the requirements of the man, and the services are alternately Roman Catholic, Lutheran, and Anglican.

New Skins for Old

Although the merits of Schinznach are well known among a certain class in England, it is mostly foreigners who come here for the "beauty-baths," and, above all, the French. During the Second Empire in France the ladies of the theatrical world and the ladies of Society who still to-day follow the lead of the theatrical world took full advantage of the "beauty-baths." Here worn-out complexions are put right by a process known as Pulverisation. Some people here call it "washing," and washing is quite an appropriate term, seeing that all skin impurities are washed away by the hot sulphur spring. Even the skin itself goes, and you are sent back to the bosom of your family not in the covering in which you came, spoilt and worn out by the season's powdering, etc., etc., but in a nice, new, clean, healthy skin.

Schinznach-les-Bains: The Room in which the Complexion Baths are Given
As the patients are not seen to advantage when undergoing the treatment they are conspicuous by their absence

A Delightful Environment

But apart from the cure, the scenery all round is charming. The world-known poetess, the Queen of Roumania, has found the inspiration of some of her finest poems among the neighbouring wooded slopes and pine trees. The late Queen Isabella of Spain used to stay here year after year; Queen Emma of Holland and her sister, the Princess of Wied, Princess Victoria of Hohenlohe and her daughter, the Countess Gleichen, Mme. Adelina Patti, The Macintosh of Macintosh, the Earl of Ranfurly (who has just left), Mr. Ian Malcolm, and Mrs. Arthur Diosy are among the *habitués*. Every inch of the country round about is teeming with history.

Far from the Madding Swiss Tourist

PICTURESQUE SCENES AROUND SCHINZNACH-LES-BAINS

ON THE BANKS OF THE AAR, SWITZERLAND

Where the well-known poetess, the Queen of Roumania, has found inspiration. Inset is a glimpse of a wild gorge near the Aar's source

"THE CRADLE OF THE HAPSBURGS": NEAR SCHINZNACH-LES-BAINS

There is on the summit of the Wülpelsberg, which rises in a gradual height behind Schinznach, the famous Hapsburg Castle, "the cradle of the Hapsburgs," as it is now known, where Rudolph von Hapsburg, the first of his race, was born and bred. All that remains of the Castle now is the outer wall and one room, in which are carefully collected various souvenirs of the great founder of the House of Hapsburg, and signed portraits of the various Austrian Royalties who have at some time paid a pilgrimage to the home of their ancestor. There are in this one remaining room, hung side by side, a portrait of the great Rudolph, the first of the Hapsburgs, and the Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary, Francis Joseph, already spoken of as the last of the race. An interesting article on Schinznach-les-Bains will be found opposite

GAMBLING IN THE HEAT

THE CHARMS OF MONTE CARLO IN THE OFF-SEASON

Bohemian Society

While the rest of the world is seeking shade in German forests and on Alpine peaks, a number of good folk elect to spend the hottest months of the year at Monte Carlo. From a scenic point of view there is little wrong in their choice, palms, exotic flowers, and tropical verdage being as luxurious as on the African coast. But with the tropical flowers there is the weather of the tropics. And it is no small thing to endure heat that in its intensity is not equalled in any other portion of Europe.

Yet when fashionable folk quit the Riviera in the late spring, a new after-season comes into effect. But the business of the newcomers in Monte Carlo is not that of enjoyment. They are there to make money. They muster from all the unsavoury quarters of Europe, and from all the back currents of Society, to renovate lost fortunes, and to tempt the fickle goddess's smile.

But they are a jolly crowd, taken as a whole. If there are roués and blackguards among them, there are also members of many well-known families to pleasantly savour the vintage. You meet younger sons, who are supposed to be big-game shooting; you meet Counts, and Grafs, and Marquises, and even Asiatic Khans; and you are certain of meeting many beautiful women. Few of them could be admitted into polite Society; but does this detract from their charm when Society is a thousand miles away?

Breaking the Bank by Proxy

Then there is a good deal to do besides. You may golf, you may play tennis; there are boating and fishing, and there are always dances and dinners, and sometimes private theatricals. Most of the big Paris shops are closed and barred; but as compensation there are large stores, and jewellers, and bonnet shops, and bookshops, and such shops as provide for the aristocratic taste. There is no opera, and no music-hall; and the theatres are dead and empty. Yet the amusements provided by the visitors themselves are of no mean order for such as love Bohemian Society.

Then there is the Casino, which never closes its doors; and there are always systems and trial "flutters" with which to experiment. It is at Monte Carlo during the summer where systems see the light which have, perhaps, been tested the previous winter in some den in Monte Video or Buenos Ayres. Sometimes a community of South American gamblers will combine to send one of their members to Monte Carlo to put their system into effect. But whether the system fails, as it mostly does, or whether the *ranchero* returns with his pockets lined with gold, he is certain of a good time all the same. For Monte Carlo is a City of Pleasure, and whether you see her in the sweltering heat of the summer or during the charm of the Riviera spring, it is all one. . . . *On ne s'ennuie jamais.*

Photograph] **Monte Carlo is in its Second Season in August** [*H. W. Nicholls*

When fashionable folk leave the Riviera in late spring, the prevailing idea in England is that hotels are bolted and barred, and that the Casino puts up the shutters. But far from this, a gay crowd centres itself around the Casino at Monte Carlo throughout the year. And even during the parched days of August, when the Mediterranean resembles a tepid bath, gamblers from Russia, Greece, Spain, and the far ends of the earth gather under the dome of the Casino in fruitless endeavour to get something for nothing

Is It Entirely Unmerited?

ALIENS DISPLACE BRITISH PERFORMERS ON THE VARIETY STAGE

Our artist has undoubtedly hit a very protuberant nail on the head. The increase in the number of foreign "acts" on the music-halls is positively startling. But who shall say that a great number of our home products did not urgently require displacement?

"THE PRECIOUS PORCEL

THE CRAZE FOR IMITATIVE WORK REACHES ITS CL

THE THREE NYMPHS

THE MODEL IN THE ARTIST'S STUDIO

The craze for living statuary exhibitions on the variety halls reached a climax in what is known as the "Living Porcelain" act. The groups are intended to represent works in porcelain familiar to collectors. The colours, it must be admitted, are most delicate, and the grouping graceful. So skilled are the figurantes that it is difficult to realise that they are, indeed, alive. On the broader question as to what artistic ideal is served by such exhibitions one is compelled to deplore the latter-day appreciation for what i "impersonator" who, by means of ma popular character, and the male or f actresses' voices, are accorded, nowada salary) out of all proportion to the m do with imitation, because the latte

AIN OF HUMAN CLAY"—Byron

MAX IN AN ASSAULT UPON SIR JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

THE THREE WITCHES

THE CHARIOT

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merely apishly imitative. The silent e-up, reproduces the appearance of some male "imitator" of famous actors' or s, a delighted reception (and a swollen its of their work. Art has nothing to is merely trick-work. There are no cleverer mimics than little children, but they are not therefore hailed as artists. In short, the tableaux above would make a much more interesting appeal were they not labelled as "Living Porcelain" exhibits. Pretty women in pretty clothes and in pretty poses are always a feast for the eye. Why associate them with the products of Dresden and Derby? . . . But, of course, Byron was the first sinner, witness our flattering headline

TO THE RESCUE OF PROVINCIAL ROWING

A POSSIBLE SCHEME ON WHICH SPORTSMEN ARE INVITED TO COMMENT

Combatting an Evil

It is practically universally agreed that rowing is becoming less and less taken up by the rising generation. The reasons are acknowledged by rowing men generally to be the popularity of games which demand less strenuous training, and the growing ease and luxuriousness of the age. On these points all are agreed. But as to the suggestions made to remedy the evil, opinions vary. At any rate, the opening up of the whole subject in The Bystander has brought to light some very valuable information. The principal difficulty that provincial clubs have now to meet, apart from the disinclination of young men to undertake hard disciplinary work, is the question of excessive railway rates for the transport of boats. The railways have just rejected a petition on the subject from the A.R.A.; but shall that be the end of the matter?

The Honour of the Club

Suggestions have been forwarded recommending better Press notices of rowing clubs' racing and doings; others have advocated getting public and other schools to do more by forming and stiffening provincial rowing clubs; while many call aloud for older rowing men to come back and rally the young men around them and to watch over and coach them. Some advocate more of the Thames clubs being seen in provincial regattas, and there are other ideas which will be understood and appreciated by a perusal of the correspondence on the subject which has appeared in these columns. There is no doubt that, if anything is to be done, a high note has to be sounded. It must be a note above the old one of pot-hunting; it must be the clear, ringing note of honour. In other words, it must be a scheme evolved for inducing our young men to fight for the honour of their river and county, and so the right to fight for the Provincial Championship of the kingdom.

Medals for the Champion Crews

The Bystander is in favour of the following scheme. First of all, get representative county crews from those counties through which rivers flow. There would have to be a county "trial" race, for which each club in the county would send in their best crew, and the winners should represent the county in the Championship. The race would be for coxed fours. The club winning this race would then, for they ear, be the county crew, and this, in itself, would be an honour. It would not mean, as some might suppose, picking a man from one club and another from another, and so making up a scratch crew, but it would mean that the best club crew in the county would be the county crew. All Metropolitan clubs would be debarred, and all Thames clubs as far as Reading, admitting Reading as a provincial club. It must be remembered that the whole scheme is to benefit provincial clubs, whose membership and means are small, and who live far apart from each other. Having, then, got our various county crews who are eligible to fight for the Provincial Championship of the kingdom, it would be desirable that for the first year the fight took place on neutral water—say the Thames. The winning county would then take the Championship Cup to their town, and hand it over to the Mayor to be kept and exhibited in the Town Hall for the year it was held.

The Defence of the Cup

The following year the Championship would have to be fought on the water of the champion club, and this would bring all the competing teams to the champion's town, thus causing enormous enthusiasm, and, inevitably, enlistment of members. It would help to circulate money locally, and certainly would help the club exchequer considerably. The winning crew might have medals given them instead of the everlasting cups, and should be entitled to wear a ribbon on the blazer, showing they were the holders of the medal as champion provincial crew of the kingdom. This ribbon they would be entitled to wear for life. It is certain that, if a powerful committee of men from all parts of the kingdom were incorporated, they would be able to work out in detail a scheme something on these lines, which would be popular with all rowing men. The committee would also be a powerful asset to the A.R.A.

The Professional Element

The whole of The Bystander scheme would, however, be confined to those clubs which are absolutely A.R.A., and only duly qualified residential members—*i.e.*, men certified as regular rowing members of a club—would be eligible to row, and now and at no time would the professional element be allowed under any conditions whatever.

County Rowing Clubs

It must be remembered that to win one's "Blue," or to be pointed out as a county cricketer, is an honour in which men may feel justifiable pride. Why should it not be possible to have a similar system in provincial rowing? It must be realised that once young men wake up to the fact that there is a chance of rising to the enviable position of being a member of a county crew, and, perhaps, one of the champion provincial crew of the British Isles, and so raising their club, town, and county to fame, captains and officers will find volunteers in abundance.

Leonard Willoughby

[*It is particularly requested that the officers of all provincial rowing clubs send their views on this article to the Editor of* The Bystander, *not for publication, but in order to enable him to judge as to what measure of support such a scheme would be likely to receive.*]

3 Pd

Famous Rowing Clubs at Home

No. 9 The Nottingham

Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

A Group of Members at the Boathouse

THE 120 odd miles which lie between King's Cross and the Lace City is made but short work of by that most comfortable and punctual system — the G.N. Railway. To travel by this way to my old native county is always a luxury, and, therefore, by it I went to visit Nottingham's premier and senior rowing club. This well-known Midland club was founded in 1862 by about a dozen keen rowing men, of whom Sir John Turney was one of the original members. He is now the President, and still takes a deep and substantial interest in the welfare of the club. The membership to-day is, in round figures, 220, of which some sixty are active rowing members. The club-house is at Trent Bridge, and was built

A Club Trophy Presented by Sir J. Turney

Left to right: T. E. Palmer (Secretary and Treasurer), A. Darby (Secretary, Nottingham R.C. Regatta), S. H. Hill (Vice-Captain), S. H. Hind (Captain), Mr. R. Earp (Vice-President)

The Officers of the Nottingham Rowing Club

in 1885. It is a capital house, with an excellent dressing-room, which is also used as a gymnasium and boxing saloon. The Captain, Mr. S. H. Hind, has held the position for four years, and coaches the crews. He puts in much time at the Club, as does Mr. S. H. Hill, Vice-Captain, a very fine oar, who has done much good work. Mr. T. E. Palmer, the hon. secretary and treasurer, has been a member for thirteen years, and an active member for ten. He rowed in the senior crew for some years, but has now given up rowing, and coaches. His services to the Club have been invaluable. The course

Nottingham Rowing Club—(*continued*)

Bringing Out a Boat at the Club Races

A Maiden Four

is about one and a quarter miles, perfectly straight, and ranks among the best in England. Nottingham has now four rowing clubs, the one of which I write being the senior. Taking the members as a whole, they are keen, but appear disinclined to train, and as a result very few senior trophies have recently found their way to Nottingham. In junior and maiden events they have, however, been fairly successful. LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

Some of the Working Members of the Nottingham Rowing Club

Bystander Short Story

LOVE WISELY

By JEAN BOURGET

"WOULD you, Miss Peggy McCombie, in any conceivable circumstances, marry me?"

"However am I to answer that, Maurice," was the puzzled reply.

The girl half-lay on the edge of a great sweeping lawn fronting a long, squat, creeper-clad house in the Highlands. The lawn was encircled by a privet hedge, the only break in which was filled by a five-barred gate which led almost immediately on to wild moorland, where grouse butts could here and there be picked out. Maurice, whose other name was Blundell, sat on the top of the gate, looking down at his companion.

He was a thick-set young fellow, with a shock of fair hair and Saxon blue eyes. Nothing of the Adonis otherwise about him; many a woman would at first sight have pronounced him plain. But there was a fascination in the strength of his features, and a likeable air of masterfulness about his carriage and the pitch of his voice.

Peggy McCombie was a splendid Scottish lass, the fair daughter of a tenth baronet. She was now nineteen, and in two years would be really beautiful. She walked as if she were accustomed to yacht-decks. Her eyes were dark, deep, and mischievous, but her general expression was eloquent of her good-nature and unselfishness. Decidedly a woman that few men deserve.

"Let me put it this way, Peggy. If you really wanted to get married next week, would your choice, after a survey of your acquaintance, fall on me?"

"But I don't want to be married next week."

"I know. But I do."

"Good gracious! Whatever for? And at the beginning of the shooting season?"

"It may sound very odd, but I have really quite made up my mind. Also, I must at present withhold my reasons."

"But, Maurice, no girl would marry you at a week's notice."

"If she consented to marry me I would explain the urgency of the matter, and if she loved me she would fall in with my views."

"But whoever are you going to ask?"

"You are number one."

"Oh, Maurice, I really haven't any idea whether I want to marry you or not."

Peggy had flirted. Every girl of charm and spirit does, but she had not known yet what it was to love. She had thought of marriage, often regarded men in the light of possible husbands, but was shrewd enough to know that she need not hurry over her choice. She had, from her point of view, at least two years of pleasant freedom before her.

Peggy greatly liked Maurice Blundell. He had, indeed, been considered and reconsidered as Peggy's future master. But with typical Scottish wariness she had decided to look long before she leapt. Maurice was nothing but an open-air man. He sang well, but did not value the accomplishment. Now, Peggy was also very much an open-air girl, but she had a passion for intellectual society that was generally denied her. When merry chatter of an inconsequent sort filled the hall of Sempsie Keep, Peggy was generally tucked away in a corner, her nose deep in a book. She could shoot, golf, swim, play tennis with the best of her sex, but a slightly abnormal brain demanded entertainment of a different order from these pastimes at frequent intervals. Above all, she could not tolerate society small talk.

Most men were head over heels in love with Peggy, but their idolatry was so great that few dared to propose to her. Maurice Blundell, however, had no qualms about the matter. He proposed at each of the rare intervals when the two were alone together. He hardly expected to gain the prize, but he had the typically English characteristic of trying till the flag fell.

The two looked into each other's eyes for some further moments without speaking. Each understood the other's strength. Peggy wondered if, after all, she would have to surrender, and Maurice wondered if he would have to leave Sempsie Keep, disconsolate, on the morrow.

Presently, as if he had come to some resolution, Maurice jumped down from the gate.

"Will you walk with me to the station, Peggy? We have an hour before luncheon."

"Yes. Are you meeting someone?"

"I want to send a telegram."

"Oh!"

They swung along the winding, high-hedged avenue that led to the road. Maurice was slightly shorter than Peggy, but they looked a splendid couple, the picture of health and fair living.

They had walked some way in silence, when Maurice spoke.

"I suppose there is no other man, Peggy?"

Peggy sighed.

"Lots, Maurice, I'm afraid."

"'Um. It would be odd, of course, if you picked me out of the basket. But I tell you one thing, Peggy. You wouldn't, perhaps, be very proud of me as a husband; but I would make you happy."

"I'm sure of that, Maurice." But she wasn't.

"You would have the best time of any woman in England. And—I shouldn't hang around you much if you wanted to go on your own."

(All rights strictly reserved)

"You ridiculous boy. Do you think I could marry a man that I didn't want with me always?"

"That is what you think now. But I think it is a mistake for a girl to marry a man she loves too much."

Peggy coloured.

"You have chosen me, I suppose, because there is no likelihood of your losing your head over me."

Maurice was not perturbed.

"Men can never love enough. Their case is quite different. I have been proposing to you for eighteen months because I love you."

"Yes, Maurice; but why, why do you persevere with poor little me? There are so many other girls."

"There are, as you say, many other girls. I am going to propose to one now."

"Now! Where?"

"By telegram."

"Oh!"

"D'you see, Peggy, you must make up your mind now. I have to be married next week."

"That's only a joke, Maurice, isn't it?"

"It is not. You must take my word for it."

Again silence fell on them. The station was nearly in view.

When they reached the little wooden building, Peggy sat down in the tiny waiting-room. Maurice went to the telegraph office.

Peggy sat with her gaze fixed out of the window. She tried to think, but her head was buzzing. Was she really right in rejecting Maurice Blundell? When she had lost him, would she discover that she wanted him? The situation was really torturing. And, meanwhile, Maurice was——

He came to her with a telegram, stamped and neatly written out.

"Read it, Peggy," he asked.

She took it from him and read it with flaming cheeks.

"To Miss Ella Canning," it ran, "Savoy Hotel, London. Will you marry me on Thursday week? Wire reply. Maurice Blundell, Sempsie Keep, Argyllshire."

"And who is Ella Canning?" asked Peggy, in a voice that shook.

"The sweetest girl in London."

"And I?"

"The sweetest girl in the world."

The girl half-crushed the telegraph form in her hand, but she gave it back to him.

"It's no good, Maurice. I wish you were not going to send that telegram, but I can't help it."

Maurice turned rather white.

"Peggy, I want to ask you a question. It's a fair one from a worldly point of view. Do you refuse me because you think I cannot afford to marry?"

Peggy looked up at him curiously.

"Of course not, Maurice. I don't know whether you are rich or poor. I assume you have enough, or you wouldn't propose to marry."

"Peggy, I haven't got a penny in the world!"

"Maurice!"

"It's true."

"Then—oh, how horrible!—you are marrying, you must marry, in a hurry because you want money. But what money could I bring you, Maurice?"

Maurice smiled rather grimly.

"I am marrying for money, and I want you."

"But I tell you, Maurice, I should bring you none, none whatever."

"Peggy, let me tell you the story. Once upon a time I had a rich aunt. She died, as all properly behaved rich aunts should. She left me all her money, a really splendid fortune, on condition I married 'a lady in Society' before I was twenty-five. I've been pretty hard up these last few years, and at one time I decided to marry the first decent girl who would have me just for the sake of getting the money. Just at that time I met you. Ever since I have been begging you to marry me, because—because you are the only girl I could be happy with. You have always refused me. Next Thursday week is my twenty-fifth birthday. I shall have to be married by special license within the next few days or reconcile myself to being a permanent pauper."

"What a dreadful corner to be in."

"Not at all! Ella, as I told you, is the sweetest girl in London."

Peggy smiled sadly up at him.

"I wish I could be jealous, Maurice," she sighed.

Maurice strode angrily back to the telegraph office.

. . . . .

Peggy avoided Maurice that afternoon. Neither at lunch nor dinner did she sit next to him as was her wont. Yet she was guilty of asking the butler to let her know surreptitiously if a telegram arrived for Mr. Blundell.

After dinner the house-party sat in the great entrance hall. Heavy and ugly old oil paintings and decidedly battered suits of armour bore witness in the apartment to the antiquity of the McCombie line. A Bechstein grand piano struck a modern note, and before it Peggy usually spent her evenings; for she was an accomplished soloist and player of accompaniments.

Four of the men played billiards in a distant room, but the rest preferred the cool of the fine entrance hall and the society of Peggy. Peggy had pretty sisters, but the men, young and old, buzzed around her only. The ecstatic privilege of turning over her music was almost quarrelled for.

Maurice sang a French love song in manly fashion and with taste rare in amateur music circles. He watched Peggy's face carefully as he sang. She made two mistakes, which puzzled him. He shook his head when the company asked him to sing again, and retired to a wide window seat, apart from the rest.

Half an hour later the butler brought to him a telegram on a salver. He turned instantly towards Peggy, and was just in time to catch a gleam of excitement on her face. Deliberately and with provoking slowness he opened the buff envelope. Peggy, unabashed, keenly scrutinised his face from the other side of the room.

Maurice read the contents of the telegram and smiled. For some time he gazed at the flimsy piece of paper, and continued to smile. Then he carefully folded it, took out his pocket-book, and put the telegram away.

(Continued on page 346)

A Swedish Star for Covent Garden

TO PLAY THE LEADING PART IN THE NEW STRAUSS OPERA

Photograph *World's Pictorial News*

MADAME CARIN GILLBERG-GADE

"Der Rosenkavalier," the latest and considered by some the most delightful opera by the great composer, Dr. Richard Strauss, is to be presented for the first time to an English audience on September 23 at Covent Garden. Dr. Strauss has personally chosen Madame Carin Gillberg-Gade, the beautiful Swedish operatic star, to sing the leading part of "die Marschallin." Madame Gillberg-Gade was formerly connected with Berlin Grand Opera, and this will be her first appearance in England

Peggy watched all this, and swung round abruptly on her stool. She tinkled nervously on the treble with the fingers of her right hand.

She had lost him, then. The other girl had accepted him. Lost him. Lost him. He was gone now. There was no chance for her if she changed her mind. Did she want him? Did she? Now he was lost? . . . . Yes. She did. She caught her breath and put her hand to her bosom. Losing him had taught her. She had made a mistake. The girl turned pale, and rose with a sudden jerk from her seat.

A man held out some music for her to play. She muttered an excuse, and passed him. Through the wide open hall door she went out on to the lawn, away from the rather astonished singer. But Maurice had watched.

Presently he left his seat in the window, and followed her out into the summer night. She leant on her elbows over the gate on which he had sat that morning.

When he reached her side she turned as if she had expected him.

"So you have had your answer?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"Just what I expected."

"I congratulate you." The catch in her voice did not escape him.

"Thank you. I shouldn't have thought you would have considered it necessary to say that."

"I wish to be polite."

"You are cruel."

"I?" She turned towards him with blazing eyes. "I—cruel? You have played a cruel trick."

"Then, Peggy, you want me?"

She tried to speak, but for the first time since her childhood tears choked the girl's voice.

The man's heart leapt. A savage joy filled him as he saw the tears fall. He seized one of her hands and kissed it.

"You must—you must not do that—in justice to her."

"Peggy, I don't care a fig for her."

"How dare you? She is your promised wife?"

"Peggy, I never sent that telegram. I sent another—to my club in London, asking for the name of the winner of the Brighton Cup."

"Maurice, do you mean it?"

"Look at the answer."

She took the paper, and by the moonlight read: "Love Wisely, 8 to 13."

"Odds on, Peggy darling," said Maurice, putting his big arm round her neck.

JEAN BOURGET

IN THE HEART OF THE BERNESE OBERLAND

A striking snapshot of Grindelwald from the lower slopes of the Eiger. In the background is seen the Faulhorn, from the summit of which is obtained one of the most comprehensive views of the Bernese Oberland

A DEADLY SECRET OF "THE BYSTANDER" EDITORIAL OFFICE

"STOCK"

BY A MEMBER OF THE STAFF

INDISCREETLY REVEALED DURING THE EDITOR'S ABSENCE ON HOLIDAY

Surreptitiously Illustrated from "The Bystander's" Stock Book of Unused Drawings

THE Editor is away on his holiday. The circumstances in which he left are briefly told. The accountant had looked into his room to ask if he might look at THE BYSTANDER'S stock. The Editor said "STOCK?" The next thing that was heard of him by the staff was by telegram from Calais. "Abroad for three weeks. Fill numbers stock."

The Squire: "Hullo, Tom; what are you chaps doing here at this time of the morning?"
Tom: "Well, Sor, what with a penny on baccy an' a penny on beer, we are just a 'elping to build one of they there Dreadnoughts"
(Typical Lloyd George Budget Joke, unusable subsequent to 1909)

What It Meant

Which being interpreted meant: "Go on producing the issues yourselves as you usually do when I'm there, but instead of using the pictures I buy use those that I've bought." "Stock" are pictures that the Editor has bought, and for which he has, for various reasons of his own, not been able to find room for. These, when collected together at the end of six months, make a pile from four to six feet high, and it was the accountant's desire to examine this accumulation that accounted for the Editor's sudden departure for the Continent. The accountant might have said something. He might have insinuated, respectfully, of course, that some greater caution should have been exercised before buying so freely matter for which there was little likelihood of finding space. The Editor would have replied angrily, and he hates being angry. He always regrets it afterwards. What he really meant to say is politely to be translated thus:

My Dear Mr. Accountant,—Pray don't misunderstand. That pile does *not* represent bad purchases. On the contrary, the purchases have been good ones. There is not a single picture there which you, had you yourself been in my place, had you seen the artist at the same hour after the same good luncheon, would have rejected. You, too, would have been delighted with it. You would have shuddered at the thought of its going to a rival paper. You would have seen how good it could be made with one of those neat little titles.

"Yus, I see Bill last night, and a very good speech e made, too"
"Bill! When? Where? Wot did 'e say?"
"'E said—'Come and 'ave a drink'"
(Typical Suspended Alcoholic Joke)

AT THE MEET

Huntsman: "Excuse me, sir, but has your horse got a white head?"
Brown (who has been endeavouring to mount a borrowed horse on the wrong side): "I don't know. I think he had a black tail"
(Typical Held-over Hunting Tumble Joke)

Tu Quoque

You would have bought the thing. Then, when next week came, and you drew up the scheme of the paper, making way for this essential feature and that, you, too, would find that, good as last week's purchases had been, they must, nevertheless, stand over until the week after. Then, the week after . . . and the week after that . . . and that . . . until—Great Cæsar, Mr. Accountant. The end of the half-year? Incredible! You want to look at my stock? Why, certainly, etc.

Victims of a Change of Taste

"Mr. Pos'man, this automatic m'chine's out of or'er. Put penny in. No ma'ches"

"Why didn't you hang on, ol' boy?"
"Hang on!! That's jus' what I did do!"

(The Editor having decided that humour at the expense of inebriety was no longer in public favour, the drawings on this page were indefinitely "held over")

Milkman: "Can I give you a key, sir?"
Intoxicated Harpist: "Yes, ol' boy. Key of G 'll do!"

The Editorial Nature

That is what the Editor would have said had he not lost his temper, and his head. That, also, is, on the whole, true. There are two sides at least to every properly constituted editorial nature—the generous side, which lunches and dines and looks out upon the world, which is ever on the alert for the latest signal of public sentiment, which has an ever-open eye for new talent—that sort of Person, and there is the other one, the man who sits down at his desk and sends his paper to press. The two are necessary, I say, but they don't dovetail. They clash eternally, and one of the consequences of their clashing is—STOCK: *ergo*, the material symbol of the difference between what the one has taken and the other has left.

Judge Ye!

As I have said above, the Editor, in his wire, said, "Fill numbers stock." Wherein he was hasty. It did not occur to him that those whom he leaves in occupancy of his chair or chairs are in duty bound to remember the interests of the readers of the paper. *They* don't know the Editor's away. Why should they, just because he is, be regaled with cast-off goods? Aren't they entitled to the fresh pick of the August market as much as that of any of the other eleven months? Isn't anything happening in the great world in August that, instead of reading about it, they should be stuffed up with —Stock? I say

TYPICAL CROWDED-OUT SOCIETY JOKE

Exacting, Indeed

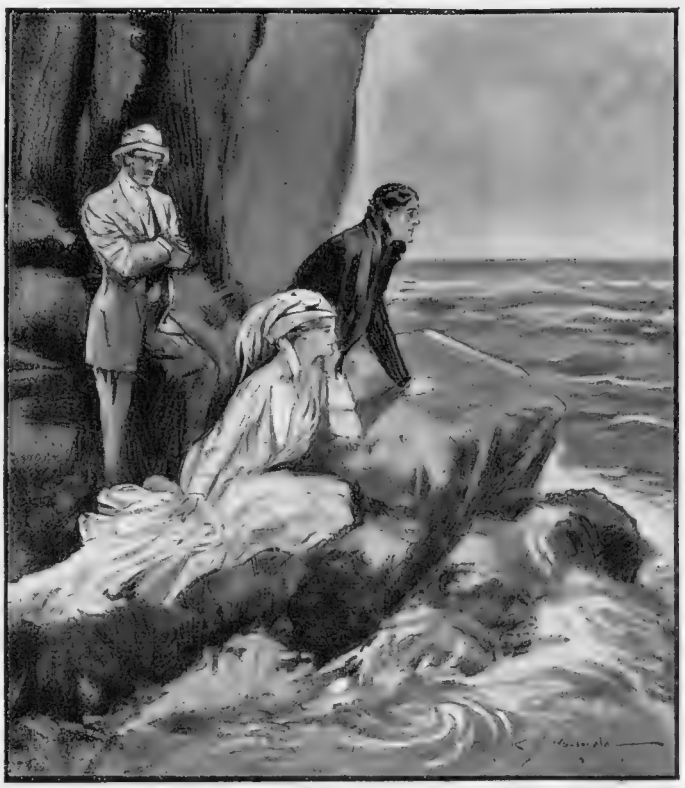
SEE ARTICLE ON "STOCK"

"It was petty jealousy, my dear! None of them would take any of the minor characters. They all wanted my part, and even when I offered to double Juliet and the Nurse they were not content, and the whole thing fell through."

BY MAB TREEBY

Ill-Fated Fragments of the Years

the Editor was thoughtless when he sent that wire. But his word is, nevertheless, law, come it from never so far away. To use up *some* of his stock is the bounden duty of us who remain behind. Whereupon has occurred unto us (pardon the pedantry of style, but we sit in the editorial chair) to use up as much Stock as can be stuffed into one number at once, which we do herewith. The illustrations to this article—which will not be paid for, and is, therefore, itself an economy—are specimens of Stock. Below the title to each picture we append a brief statement of the reason why it *is* Stock. There is much, oh! so much more whence it came (again, I apologise, but we write with one of the editorial pens), but we prefer to leave to the Editor himself the responsibility to the public for the "usage-up" thereof.



TYPICAL CROWDED-OUT ILLUSTRATION OF STRIKING DRAMATIC SHORT STORY, PLOT OF WHICH IS NOT LIKELY TO BE REPEATED FOR SOME TIME TO COME

Discretion

Lest I be tempted to write more in this style, I do herewith put hereupon a sheet of the editorial blotting-paper, and ring the editorial bell for the transmission herefrom to the printer hereabove, betaking ourself hence lest hereafter worse befall.

NOVELISTS' NIGHTMARES

NOS. 1 AND 2 OF SERIES OF DRAWINGS STARTED BUT NOT CONTINUED

Distinction Indeed

A RUSSIAN DANSEUSE WHO DID NOT APPEAR IN LONDON

Photograph *Mvojorsky*

MME. MATILDE KSCHESINSKA

This famous Russian dancer has just returned to St. Petersburg from London. To an interviewer she explained the reason why she did not dance in England. "After seeing Pavlova at the Palace, and also after making myself acquainted with the proposed contracts, I felt that the entire business was a blood-drying grind"

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

"Queed"

There is a novel but lately published which seems destined to have as great a success in this country as I expect it is having on the other side of the Atlantic. It is the first work of Henry Sydnor Harrison, and is entitled, laconically enough, *Queed* (Constable: 6*s*.). I have read somewhere that it is the book of the moment, and, having no booksellers within miles of me, see no reason to doubt the remark. *Queed* is a gracious book. It is extravagantly American, and its slang is occasionally weird and wonderful, but it is not necessary, as is sometimes the case with American novels, to have been in the States to understand and enjoy it. In the person of Mr. Queed you are introduced to the most delightfully extravagant creature. A mysterious father has succeeded in bringing him from New York to a small township in the South, wherein the story takes place, and Mr. Queed starts work upon his monumental treatise on sociology. He is a machine with a Schedule. He is only twenty-four, but has no friends, and desires none. Friends interfere with the Schedule, and his one object is to finish the book which is to benefit mankind. Mr. Queed is amazingly and grotesquely conceited—and he is not allowed to work. People make friends with him against his will. There is Sharlee Weyland, the girl who has been ruined by a rascally defaulter; in the most delicate way she intrudes. Then there is Fifi, to whose algebraical problems Mr. Queed is obliged to give some part of his valuable time. There is Charles Gardener West, a go-ahead young American, who introduces him to the mysteries of a newspaper. There is Buck Klinker, an athletic tobacconist, who runs a gymnasium, and snatches further hours from Mr. Queed's precious Schedule, as well as Professor Nicolovius, who is not satisfied to make friends with him, but must needs inveigle him into sharing a house. Altogether there is a truly monstrous conspiracy. Nor is this all, for a lack of money makes it necessary for the sociologist, who is ignorant of the most ordinary human relations, to seek regular employment. He becomes attached to a paper, and is insulted by the head proof-reader. There has been an unfortunate misprint. "I am going to give you a good thrashing," says Mr. Queed, but the head proof-reader is a giant, and Mr. Queed not yet muscular. As a result there is a further curtailing of the Schedule. And finally this poor little machine of a man, who wore eye-glasses because they were supposed a necessary adjunct to learning and had no knowledge whatever of emotion, succumbs to his enemies, or, I should say, to his friends, and becomes metamorphosed into a human being. It is the prettiest piece of evolution I have read for years. The Schedule recedes into the distance, Mr. Queed discovers his father plays Quixote in agreeable fashion, acknowledges with enormous surprise to himself that Sharlee's feminine company gives him an entirely inexplicable pleasure, and discovers life as it should be. *Queed* is a long story, and contains many characters. If you read it, you will remember its hero for a considerable time.

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

Mrs. Ernest Horlick

Whose book, "A String of Beads," has been published by Messrs. Duckworth. She is the daughter of Colonel Cunliffe Martin, C.B., and is well known in Society as one of the younger dance-hostesses, giving many small and amusing dinner-dances at her house in Grosvenor Street, and entertaining largely in the autumn at her husband's shooting in Norfolk

A Novel with a Warning

When I open a novel with "A Warning" on the first page, wherein is related how I shall, "with perfect reason," be shocked and startled, my memories of the Grundy school immediately loom large. Here, I think, is a volume of which those curious folk, the circulating library people, will fight shy. It must be placed under glass, and be immediately provided with a bookplate to prevent unseemly depredation. There will probably be a discussion about it in the newspapers, and we shall hear that, in spite of the Vigilance Societies and other dreadful bodies of the kind, morality no longer exists in this benighted country. Now I have to

The Sausage Rock

A TYROLEAN PYRAMID KNOWN AS THE FRANKFURTER WURST

FRANKFURTER WURST, AN EARTH PYRAMID OF THE TYROL

The Austrian is master of the art of polite flattery. Hemmed in by German and Italian States, the good people of the Tyrol title their towns and streets after the names of the chief patrons of their hotels and excursions. For in ever-increasing numbers the subjects of Wilhelm and Emmanuel visit these hardy mountaineers. As an example, the wonderful earth pyramid above, lying under the shadow of the Zinnenhütte, and a famous landmark for climbers, is named after the chief delectable of the Rhine provinces. Very apt is its name, for the famous rock resembles nothing so much as the sausage of Frankfort

confess that *Mrs. Drummond's Vocation* (Heinemann: 6*s.*) neither shocked nor startled me. The name of its author is given as Mark Ryce, but I hear that this conceals "the name of a well-known writer." No doubt it does, but who the lady may be (of course, it is a lady) I have no means of knowing. Like *Queed*, "Mark Ryce's" story deals with an evolutionary idea. Mrs. Drummond's vocation is Love. As a child she marries a puritan missionary in China, and for years lives on the outskirts of civilisation. Her husband's death leaves nothing for her but to go back to England and live with his aitchless relations in Clapham. On the train, however, she meets with an adventure. She falls in love with a Russian prince—it is surprising how very similar all these Russian princes are—and, as he is already married, she "keeps house" with him in Paris. His wife makes the usual objection, and Mrs. Drummond goes to Clapham—for a time. She gives up her fine clothes in the time-honoured way, and is just becoming resigned to a second marriage when her vocation calls. She returns to Paris. It is an old story with a new atmosphere, readable, but not very shocking.

"The Girondin"

It is hardly surprising to find that Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the biographer of Danton, should write a novel with the French Revolution as a background, but his latest story; *The Girondin* (Nelson: 2*s.*), is quite unlike the majority of such books. It makes no mention of any of the great names. Bonaparte does not intrude as the sad-faced lieutenant, or Mirabeau as the popular idol. The Girondin is one Georges Boutroux, whose uncle's house in Bordeaux becomes "marked" by the local Jacobin Club. Very picturesquely indeed Georges kills a man whom mob-rule has made sentry at the door of this house. There is a hue and a cry, which seems to cross a good part of France, and he flies for his life. There follows the story of his riotous and rather whimsical adventures. Things happen quickly in this book. Georges becomes, in succession, postillion, charcoal-burner, lover (a very beautiful episode intervening), and soldier. Characteristically he has to lend the recruiting-sergeant the necessary franc, which is politely passed back, but ultimately commandeered for the use of the regiment. And what a regiment it is! A tattered brigade, almost without officers, at the mercy of the most contradictory orders! But Georges is a philosopher—he lies as only a philosopher can, as though his words made the truth—and he accepts his new position readily enough. He loves his white horse because there is no one else to love. The dangers of recognition, however, are not yet overcome, and the methods he adopts for concealment are excellent fun. Yet the last chapters make pathetic reading. There comes the roar and confusion of battle, and the man whom France has decided shall die, falls. The whole inevitable tragedy of his death is unfolded with a fine simplicity.

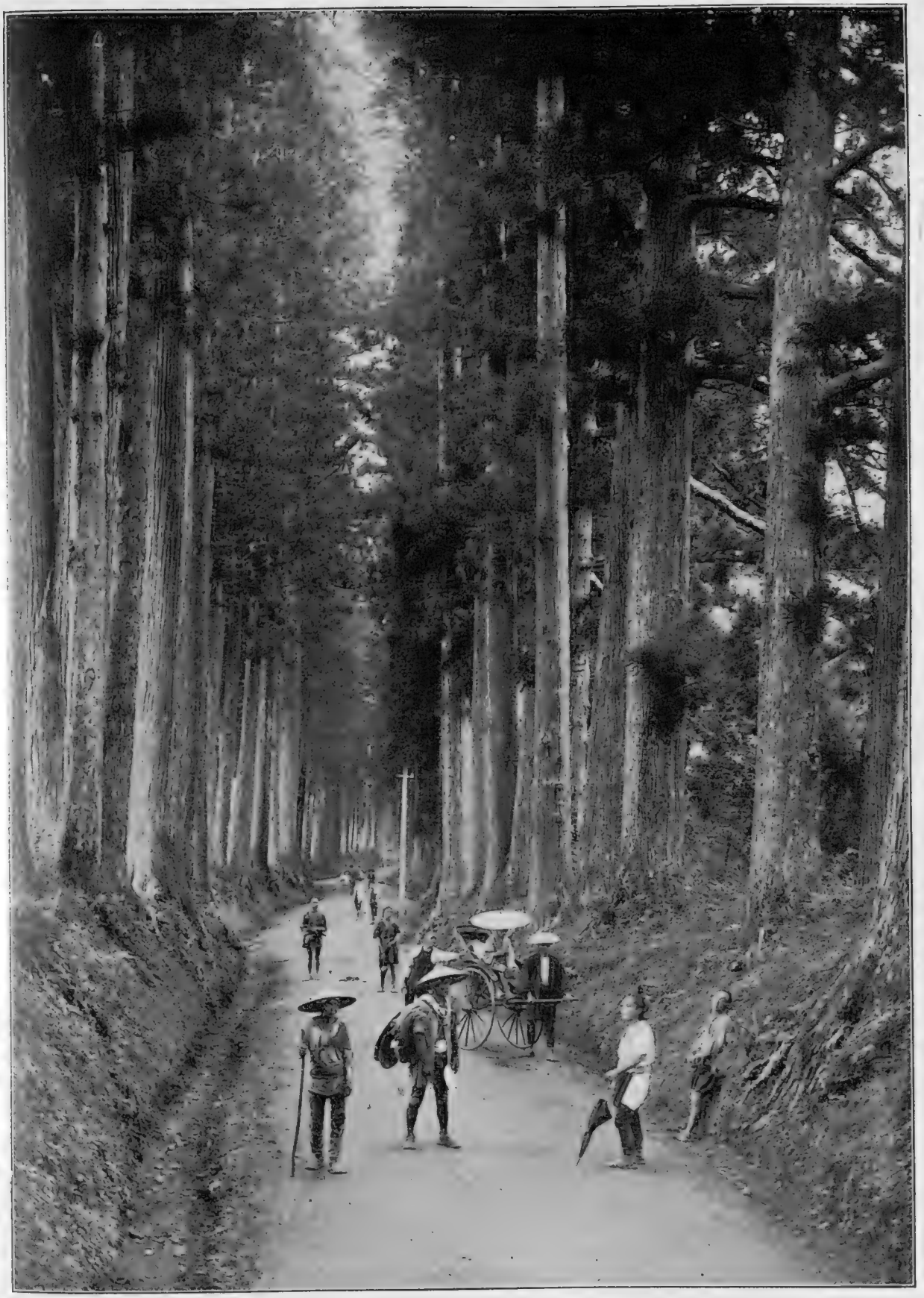
The Divorce That Never Was

Mr. James Blyth is interested in divorce. His latest novel, *Folly's Gate* (Long: 6*s.*), is, apparently, an attempt to show to what extraordinary lengths private detectives employed by unscrupulous lawyers will go. A peer and his wife file cross-petitions. Their lawyers employ professional spies, a man and woman. Not content with these, the principals employ a couple of amateur spies. There is a yacht which goes to Bordeaux; the professionals are shown up; the amateurs conveniently fall in love with each other; and the peer and his wife are united at a dinner, which is described in considerable and most gastronomical detail. Mr. Blyth does not seem quite clear about his peer's title—he is Lord Richard Lound, and Lord Lound, and Lord Eelham—and his story is distinctly mechanical. He is far more interesting when he confines himself to his East Anglian pictures. RALPH STRAUS

WHERE THE CENTENARIAN DOES NOT FLOURISH

Electric light, gas, cabs, theatres, good restaurants, and a beautiful situation on the Aegean Sea, make Smyrna, at first sight, a desirable place to live in. Yet few of its inhabitants attain the allotted span of years. Revolts, earthquakes, intensely hot weather, and an absence of drainage cause a lamentable absence of centenarians from the census

A Stately Avenue of Old Japan



Almost all Highways and Byways of the Mikado's country are lined with trees—great oaks, pines, palms, and the bamboo flourishing everywhere side by side. Like the Romans, the Japanese are famous roadmakers. From end to end the Island Empire is pierced by broad Highways, enabling the merchants of the Flowery Land to bring rice and tea to the coast in their curious hand-carts. Although the Japanese have taken a place of their own in Western science, they still cling to many customs of their fathers. Rickshaws, for instance, are still in vogue among the gentlefolk, and in many districts take the place of railway coaches and motor-cars

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Photograph *Sport and General*

Cricket in Kent's Cathedral City

Few fashionable sportspeople care to miss the Canterbury Cricket week. From near and far elegant motors, coaches, tandems, carriages, and smart turn-outs generally, pour into the town each day. Above is depicted the match between Kent and Lancashire

RACING NOTIONS. By Carbine

BACKERS AND BOOKIES

Does It Pay to Back Horses?

This question has just been asked in one of the monthly magazines and was answered by people whose qualifications to speak on the subject vary a great deal. Of course it pays, and pays well—if we back the right horses. If we don't happen to find the winners, well—we still have some fun for our money, and hope for better luck next time. I have no patience with people who expect to win money consistently on the racecourse. Punting is one of the most fascinating games I know, but it is also the most precarious, and people who cannot keep a cool head when betting or do not know where to draw the line should stay away from racecourses. I know professional backers who have built up fortunes by backing horses, but they make a business of it, and shrewd observation, careful organisation, and a talent for figures have helped them to win rather than good luck.

Profits of Bookmaking

Meanwhile, I hear many complaints from bookmakers in Tattersall's ring, who vow that for several months past they have been having the worse of the fray with the backers. The competition in the ring is keener nowadays than ever it was. One of the straightest and most agreeable men I know in "Tatt's" is an Australian, who has made a large book in England for two or three seasons past. He is by no means captivated by his experiences here. "In Australia," he remarked the other day, "the question at the end of the week is 'How much has the book won?' Here it seems to be always 'How much have we lost?'" Perhaps our monthly contemporary will arrange a new article under the title of "Does Bookmaking Pay?" It would then be interesting to read the opinions of some of the *habitués* of the Tattersall's rings.

Selections

Many regular racegoers are on holiday this week, but there will be good gatherings at Folkestone and Redcar, both very pleasant meetings for mid-August. I would suggest **Lady Syme** as a likely winner of the Redcar Welter on Thursday. At Folkestone, **Lawrenny** may win the Romney Welter on Wednesday, and **Forgotten** the Folkestone Handicap on the following day. At Windsor on Friday I expect the **Set Fair** filly to take the Clewer Plate, and **Humorist** the August Handicap on Saturday.

GOLF. By Ernest Lehmann

The Ancient Traditions

Last week I mentioned the report made by President Strawn, of the United States Golf Association, concerning his conference with the Chairman of the Rules of Golf Committee. Mr. Strawn now proceeds to enunciate the following stupefying statement: "We assumed that in the future, as in the past, the R. and A. would not attempt to dictate or promulgate rules effective anywhere except at St. Andrews." As the upshot of this, President Strawn reports to his association "that the R. and A. will cheerfully receive and carefully consider any suggestions as to any proposed changes in the existing rules, or any proposed new rules that the R. and A. may hereafter contemplate, and that the R. and A. will work with the U.S.G.A. in preserving the game in accordance with its ancient traditions."

Who Pulls the Wires?

The simple-minded person may be inclined to ask why a body which only makes rules for its own course should be troubled by another body and asked to submit changes and novelties in the rules. Have we all been dreaming and suffering from a delusion in imagining that the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and its subordinate body, the Rules Committee, were the governing and supreme authority in golf? Unless Mr. Strawn's report is countered from headquarters we shall sorrowfully have to accept this fact and realise that the kingdom of golf is without a king. For, if the report of Captain Burn's expressions is authentic, what are we to deduce from the phrase, "the Royal and Ancient

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expected in the future, as in the past, to enact rules and make interpretations applicable to the playing of the game only at St. Andrews"? The only possible deduction is that St. Andrews is still animated by a parochial and not an imperial spirit.

Imperial Spirit is Wanted

But we know that this is not so. Have not the local rules of St. Andrews been expressly taken out of the body of the general rules, and has not the present code been carefully drawn up so as to cover the playing of the game on any and every course? Again, was not the Rules of Golf Committee specially constituted so as to expound and interpret those rules *urbi et orbi?* If the Premier Club conceived that its duty was only to make rules for the game as played at St. Andrews alone, then it would be reverting to that policy of *laissez-faire* which for many years caused such dissatisfaction among southern golfers. But I feel convinced that President Strawn must have misunderstood Captain Burn. Evidence to this effect is given by the closing sentences of Mr. Strawn's report, in which he says that, after visiting the important golf clubs in England and Scotland, he is convinced that the rules of the Royal and Ancient Club "are authority, and will continue to be authority in Great Britain for many years yet to come." This, at any rate, is satisfactory, and agrees with accepted facts. But it would be still more satisfactory if the parochial views attributed to Captain Burn in an earlier part of the report were contradicted by that authority.

ERNEST LEHMANN

A County Stalwart: A Sketch by Thorpe

Mr. H. P. Chaplin, Captain of the Sussex Cricket Club, was born on March 1, 1883. He is a splendid hitter, often saving a match by the sheer brilliancy of his play

YACHTING GOSSIP

The "Entente Nautique"

There is no longer any doubt that the institution of a universal rating rule, and of fixed classes under that rule, for racing yachts of all sizes, has given an immense fillip to the sport of yachting, particularly by encouraging international rivalry. The International Regatta held at Ryde last week under the auspices of the Royal Victoria Y.C. was—appropriately in view of the tropical weather—a glaring success. But for the death of King Edward it would have been inaugurated last year, and there is no question that, having once got going, it will keep on the move, changing its *venue* from year to year from one to another of the various countries which have joined in the *entente*. At last week's gathering there were no fewer than seventy-nine individual entries, and, besides Great Britain, France, Germany, Spain, Norway, Holland, Austria-Hungary, and Belgium were represented. For yacht-racing it is, of course, possible for the weather to be too fine, and if there had been a little more weight in the wind on Monday and Tuesday last we should all have been better pleased. But, after all, there is just as much skill—or, perhaps, I might say *finesse*—required for a light-weather race as there is for a race in a strong breeze or a hard blow. And it must further be remembered that the average racing yacht is designedly a light-weather boat.

The Big Boats—

In the biggest class of all—the "A" class—for yachts of more than 23 metres in length, the German Emperor's *Meteor* and Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Holbach's *Germania* divided the honours, the former winning on the first day and the latter on the second. It is pretty evident that these two fine schooners, though not in their first youth, are faster than the latest British creation. Mr. Cecil Whitaker's *Waterwitch*. Much was expected of her, but she seems doomed to be put down as the failure of the season. In the next two classes—23 and 19 metres—Great Britain was unopposed, but the dual success of Mr. Milburn's *Norada* in the 19-metre class is, nevertheless, noteworthy, for she began the season inauspiciously. But with better handling she has since done full credit to her designer, Mr. Nicholson, and to the enterprise of her owner, whose experience of class-racing is comparatively limited.

And the Smaller Fry

In two other classes the King of Spain has literally swept the board, scoring two wins in the 15-metre class with *Hispania* and two more in the 12-metre class with *Tonino*. Spain will be the gainer, at any rate in the world of sport, if this quadruple success of her ruler hits the popularity of the barbarous and out-of-date bull-ring. Another dual foreign win, recalling pleasant memories of the maritime prowess of the Norsemen in ancient days, was that of the Norwegian boat, *Rollo* (Mr. Johann Auker), in the 12-metre class. The stronghold of this class in Great Britain is the Clyde, and it speaks well for Mr. Auker's boat that she was able to beat such flyers as the Scotch cutters, *Ierne*, *Alachie*, *Cintra*, and *Javotte*. In the smaller classes Great Britain held her own, *Endrick* (Sir A. E. Orr-Ewing) and *Norman* (Captain J. Orr-Ewing) shared the honours in the 8-metre class; *Ginevra* (Mr. F. A. Richards) was twice victorious in the 7-metre class; and in the "sixes" *Sioma* (Mr. C. A. Allen) and *Cynthia* (Mr. T. C. Glen Coats) each scored a first and a second.

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On the Way of the Transgressor

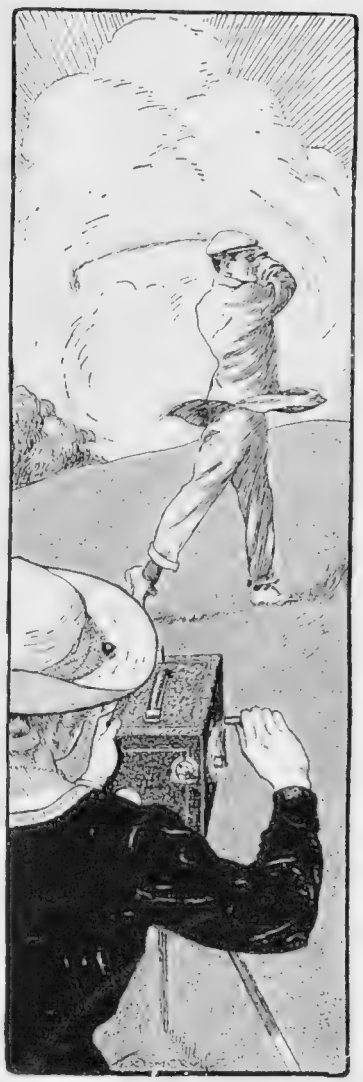
The way of the transgressor (we have it on the best authority) is hard. The way of the motorist is hard. Therefore—but *is* he? Certainly it is not for lack of earnest endeavour to put himself into conformity with the law. And yet, however hard he tries, he cannot seem to satisfy his neighbour. Consider the case of his lamp and his horn. The law lays it down that he shall carry certain lamps, and that so far as his horn is concerned he shall give audible and sufficient warning of his approach. And the motorists says, "Very well. I recognise the difficulty. We are in a transition stage of road transport. The man in the street, who is so often the man in the middle of the road, has been accustomed to a comparatively slow-moving and noisy vehicle. He has to get familiar with a swift-moving and a comparatively silent vehicle. Until he does I have to take care. I must give him plenty of warning of my approach. I am a pioneer in a new movement. That is a privilege that carries responsibilities. As a citizen I must accept those responsibilities. The law requests me to do certain things. The law is good; blessed be the name of the law"—or words to that effect; and he proceeds to fit headlights that are strong enough to acquaint the pedestrian that a car is coming while yet it is at least as great a way off as the prodigal son when his father saw him; and a horn or an exhaust whistle or some other form of warning that shall be as efficient by day as the headlight is by night. And having done these things at no inconsiderable expense, he plumes himself that he has done obeisance before the law and placed himself in conformity with the will of his brother citizen.

Lighten Our Darkness

But the law-makers who are in Parliament see letters in the papers, and receive communications from the men in the street who have many votes which may presently be important. And with the possibility of an election before his eyes, not to mention the opportunity it gives him to ask questions in the House and to improve his chances in THE BYSTANDER Competition, the law-maker says to the motorist, "M—yes. But your lights are too strong, sir. These dazzling head-lamps are obnoxious and unnecessary, sir. They are an affront to my constituents, sir. You must fit other lights. They must be mellow lights, and soft, and not calculated to outrage the sight nor disturb the peace of the other road-users my constituents. You are (privately) a good fellow, but publicly you are a wealthy and unscrupulous person, sir, and you should be ashamed of yourself." And the motorist makes answer, "But, my dear sir, I must have a good light, both for my own sake and for the sake of my fellow-citizen on the road. I am anxious to abide by your wishes, and I will. Tell me, therefore, what light I may use, so that I shall not offend these other road-users with too powerful a lamp, nor injure them because the lamp is not strong enough. What *is* a sufficient light, anyway?" And the law-maker makes reply, "Ah!" and "Um!"; and asks the President of the Local Government Board, who replies that he is afraid the problem is insolvable. And the motorist goes sorrowing away because he doesn't know what to do, nor where he stands, nor whether he is in harmony with the law or otherwise.

The Golfer's Secret

Disclosed by the New Animated Photography.



THE Kinora, which, without lantern or screen, shows living pictures taken with a hand-camera, is likely to improve many a player's "form" in all kinds of sport.

Every golfer, for example, would like to help his club friends, and make them keener rivals, by showing how he makes his best strokes. But this is one of the most difficult things in the world to do. The swift swing and movement of the club defy analysis by the eye. Similarly with a stroke at cricket, the action of a bowler, the "aim" of a crack shot, and the like.

The Kinora Motion Camera is a British invention, which will do good service to the characteristic British spirit of Sport by enabling the successful sportsman to reveal the secrets of his prowess. It demands no skill in the user: anyone can learn the working of it in ten minutes, and make perfect pictures at the first trial. And all these pictures are *moving* pictures.

But—and this is an important feature in the sporting use of the Kinora Camera—the rate of motion is under complete control. A golfer or a batsman cannot "do it slowly," so that the exact details of his stroke can be observed. When he has been photographed with the Kinora Motion Camera, however, his living portrait can be made to move as slowly as may be desired, and single instantaneous poses can be examined in detail.

Of course, this is not the only use of the Kinora Motion Camera. It makes artistic living pictures, and photographs all kinds of scenes in motion —a yacht or horse-race, a public meeting, a racecourse, or a domestic group.

Child Portraits.

But perhaps its most charming effects are those obtained when children are photographed at their unconscious play. There is no tiresome posing, no "studio stare"; there are no tears provoked by the restraint so intolerable to the child-mind in an ordinary studio. The child is not concerned with the business at all. It amuses itself with a doll; it chases a dog or a butterfly; it plays with a friend, a parent, or another child. In all the charm of natural, unstudied life, it is photographed by the vigilant and nearly silent Kinora Camera.

Some trouble would be well spent in learning how to make pictures of the undying charm thus captured. But no trouble is involved at all. Ten minutes spent in reading the very few, very clear directions equip the amateur for perfect work. There is no messing with chemicals: the negative, 40 feet long, with 640 separate pictures in it, requires development in special apparatus; but this development is done by the manufacturers of the Kinora Camera for only a shilling, the negative itself being supplied for 1s. 6d.

Each reel of 640 pictures, ready for viewing with the Kinora (no screen or lantern required) costs 3s. 6d.; so that the total expense for negative, development, and first reel of pictures is only 6s., while subsequent reels of the same picture, for friends, only cost 3s. 6d.—much less than the price of a high-class studio portrait, and incomparably more desirable.

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The Night Noise Plaint

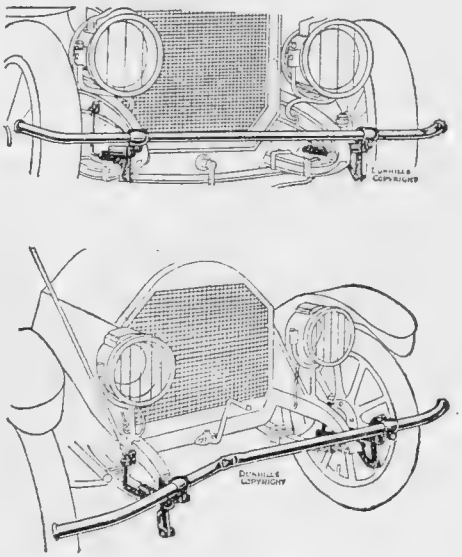
He finds himself in this same difficulty in the matter of his horn—a greater difficulty in point of fact, because the sea-serpent being out of fashion, and the giant gooseberry an impossibility owing to the drought, the night noises of motor-cars are in much favour with "Constant Reader." The motorist has bought a horn of magnitude. It has cost money. He probably could ill-afford it, but the law says "audible and sufficient warning." And the motorist, under a positively painful obsession of citizenship, has decided that he must have a little noise in reserve for the man with aural defects, and hang the expense. He reads as the first question of the magistrate (or perhaps it is the coroner), "Did you hear defendant sound his horn?" and what follows when the policeman or the other witness replies, "No, your worship. He *may* have sounded it, but I did not hear it." He decides he must be on the right side. But immediately "Constant Reader" arises in his might to say that these things, particularly in the night, are terrible, and not to be borne. And questions are asked in the House. And the President of the Local Government Board makes inquiries once more, while the motorist asks pathetically for a definition of "audible and sufficient warning," and finds none to give him satisfaction.

The Humber in Tasmania

Dr. P. J. Collins's 12-20 h.-p. Humber scored heavily in the recent Tasmanian two-day reliability trial, not only winning that strenuous test, but also the hill-climbing competition and the petrol consumption test—a splendid testimony to the quality of the car

The Only Way

It is a queer position. In so far as the complaint relates to the noise of open exhausts, it can be dealt with. The "cut-out" in a town is invariably the sign of an actual or a potential hog. He and the problem can be disposed of by the prohibition of the "cut-out" after sundown, or before for that matter, in all urban areas, and the law-abiding motorist would not complain. But short of a standardised form of alarm the horn itself cannot be dealt with any more than it is possible for authority to define what is meant by "audible and sufficient warning." To standardise the alarm may be a possibility, although I very much doubt it. I am not concerned with the liberty of the subject objection, because the liberty of the subject always has been, and always must be, interfered with when it conflicts with the general good. But I cannot see how a standardised alarm will fill the bill, because, in the first place, it must be sufficiently loud for its purpose, and in the second must be sounded as often as the motorist thinks the occasion requires it. The noise in the night will, therefore, still go on, only it will be a monotonous noise and lack the charm of its present variety! Besides, as one who often sleeps in the heart of London traffic-land with asphalted roadways without, I want to say that the clatter of the horse and the row its vehicles make are infinitely more annoying than the car alarm—although there are one or two forms of the latter which I confess, as a personal and entirely pious opinion, ought to be suppressed in the interests of public peace.



The Dunhill Buffer

Is designed to prevent car damage resulting from collision. Light, and certainly not unsightly, it achieves its purpose excellently. The illustration shows the buffer before and after collision

Michelin Aviation Competitions

Yes. I suppose we are still a good way from being really alive in matters of aviation. Here we have Vedrines going straight from his fight for the £10,000 Circuit of Britain prize to compete, and take the lead, in the contest for the Michelin International Cup, while our men seem hardly awake to the fact that two British Empire Michelin Cups and two cash prizes, one of £500 for the British pilot on an all-British machine who shall have covered the greatest distance without landing, and another of £400 to the pilot who shall have completed a minimum circuit of 125 in the shortest time without landing. Yet both the Michelin International Cup competition, now being vigorously contested in France, and the British Empire Michelin Cups competition, not being contested at all, close on the same day—sunset, October 15 next. Well, Michelin's have done their part in endeavouring to stimulate interest in British aviation.

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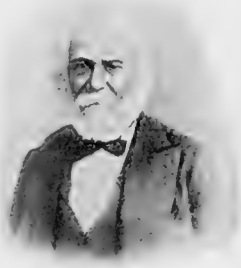

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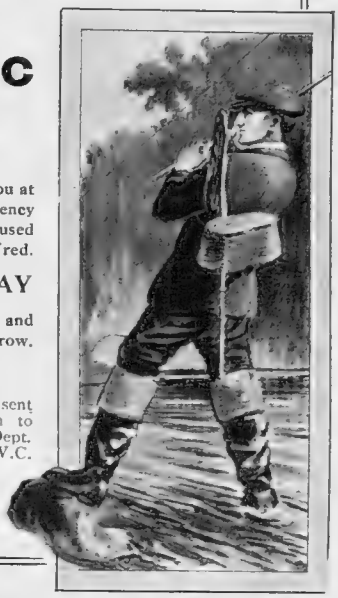

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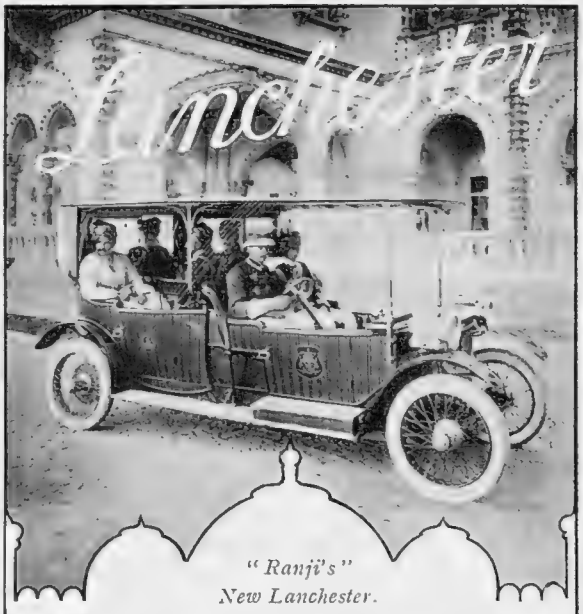

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The Menu: HOME-MADE JAMS, JELLIES, AND PRESERVES

Black Currant and Rhubarb Jam
Apple Marmalade Jelly
Preserved Pears
Blackberry Jelly
Sloe Gin

Black Currant and Rhubarb Jam

Remove the stalks from four quarts of black currants. Cut into small lengths fifteen stalks of rhubarb, put them into a preserving pan with enough water to cover them, and boil for twenty minutes. Press the fruit and liquor through a fine hair-sieve, extracting as much juice as possible. Return the juice to the preserving pan with 1clb. of coarsely crushed lump sugar, and stir over the fire again with a wooden spoon until it boils, then add the currants, boil slowly for ten minutes, stirring all the time, and removing the scum as it rises. Take the pan from the fire, stir well for a few minutes, turn into jars, and when cold cover with white paper dipped in brandy, and then with parchment paper tied tightly down.

Apple Marmalade Jelly

This delicious dish may be eaten alone, or with a custard. Peel, core, and boil 2½lb. of good cooking apples, boil them with only sufficient water to prevent burning, and beat them to a smooth pulp. For each pound of pulp, take ¾lb. of loaf sugar, put these into a saucepan, having previously moistened the sugar so that it will dissolve readily, and boil until the syrup is thick and can be skimmed. Add this syrup to the apple pulp with about half a teaspoonful of minced lemon-peel, and stir it over a quick fire for twenty-five minutes, or till the apples cease to stick to the bottom of the pan. The jelly may now be poured into moulds which have been dipped into water. This will turn out a nice stiff jelly, which may be stuck with blanched almonds, while a custard should be poured round it on the dish. The apples will take about three-quarters of an hour to reduce to a pulp, and twenty-five minutes to boil after the sugar syrup has been added.

Preserved Pears

Peel and quarter the pears, taking out the cores, then take equal weight of sugar to fruit, and to every 3lb. of pears add one pint of spring water; add cloves or sliced lemon, whichever is preferred (lemon is nicest). Put all in a large stewpan, and put the skins which have been peeled off the pears on the top of the fruit, then cover closely, and let them stew gently for five or six hours. You must be guided by the colour of the fruit; a little cochineal improves the colour. The syrup will require boiling over again at the end of ten days. Pears when stewed according to this recipe will keep two years.

Blackberry Jelly

Five pounds of blackberries, 3lb. of apples, ¾lb. of sugar to every pound of fruit, and half a pint of water. Put the blackberries and apples and 1lb. of sugar into a stewpan, and let it stew gently until the fruit is quite soft; then strain through a cloth, and to every pound of pulp put ¾lb. of sugar, omitting the pound previously put in; then let it boil about one and a half hours.

Sloe Gin

Into a two-gallon jar put three quarts of picked, dry, and sound sloes; 2½lb. of brown sugar candy (or loaf sugar) pounded, ½oz. of bitter almonds, or sloe kernels. Pour over this one gallon of best unsweetened gin. Let the jar be well shaken occasionally. Be careful that the corks are air-tight. Damsons can be used instead of sloes, and answer equally well. EMILIA

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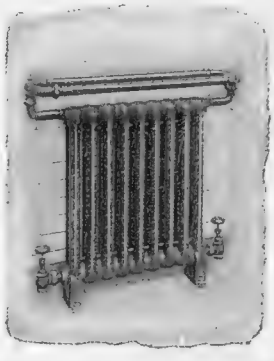

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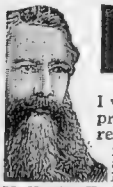

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By MRS. JACK MAY

FOR TROUT STREAM AND CASINO WEAR

EVERYWHERE reigns peace, except where we are holidaying. Never mind my whereabouts, the position suffices well enough to be accounted a vantage ground for such smart centres as Dieppe, Trouville, Deauville, etc. And at all these representative centres dress is extreme, and frequently flamboyant.

The most noticeable *lingerie* gowns are those embroidered *à jour* in Madeira blue thread. And I am deeply enamoured, too, by some white *ninon* lawn dresses worked with black. Also a big success is being achieved with Broderie Anglaise gowns resting on hems and folds of black velvet. Almost without exception are these toilettes accompanied either by Leghorn hats, trimmed with broad black velvet, or pure white Empire toques, trimmed with white wings or bleached wheat, with which is worn one of the extravagant all-over lace veils.

Fascinating Veils

But the veil plays an important part throughout the *toilette de Plage*. Either swathed closely round the face, and pinned securely in the nape of the neck at the back with a diamond brooch, when the wearer has the appearance of being equipped for swarming a hive of bees; or on a large shape the lower edge is allowed to flow free in the breeze, a decidedly cooler arrangement. The veil, however, in some one form or another, is on every head in the daytime. And the shoes! Well, the shoes and the stockings are truly *amusant*. A certain plaid or check hosiery is not quite so bizarre as it sounds, but for the most part it is pure silk hosiery that is worn, with every diversity of coloured shoe, including a royal blue.

My Lady Piscator

A khaki shade of tweed is ideal for wear on the moors. Leather collar, belt, and a faced-up skirt with tabs around the hem to allow of negotiating rough ground, complete a serviceable suit. The patch-pockets expand for holding spare tackle, lunch, etc.

(Designed by Dorothy Millar)

An amazing gown that might have been extraordinarily neat, was of black *foulard*, over which fell a decidedly full tunic of fine white lawn, arranged with a long handkerchief-point at one side. The edge was finished everywhere with one of the favourite, extremely deep, visibly stitched hems. But the amazing feature was a very deep *ceinture*, almost like a small pair of corsets, fashioned of black and white ribbon, interlaced or plaited to form squares; with short loops of the ribbon, alternately black and white, falling from the lower edge, this *ceinture* apparently confined a wisp of a bodice of the white lawn, half *fichu* and half kimono.

Fringe and Fichus

Both these are insistent features, and if the present promise is fulfilled, the latter is going to play a rôle in the immediate future that has never before been attained. In many and various guises it will form the *pièce de résistance* on our coats, evening wraps, and day and evening gowns.

Not even furs will be exempt from the influence. But the irresistible *fichu* of the hour is a filmy embroidered lawn, really old for choice, because of the colour.

Old Dutch Caps

Charming fantasies are being wrought with those old Dutch caps, opened flat and eked out to the required size and shape with pieces of embroidery set in with *entredeux* of lace. Those who are clever with their needle might put their spare moments to much worse purpose than the fashioning of one of these shaped *fichus*. For other styles, such as the Charlotte Corday or a Romney, embroidery gives way before the superior attractions of lace net and soft, plain *mousseline—mousseline de soie* in these days. The lace most in request is a very fine, shadowy thing, a wonderful machine-made quality, of almost cob-web fineness and of a delicate parchment tone.

Fringes invade every detail of the toilette, from *chapeaux* to petticoats. Fringe, as a millinery asset, is something new to contemplate. However, it is here to be seen on summer hats of straw, and frequently in conjunction with the popular *lingerie* decorations. A quaint shape I saw of Niniche persuasion, the crown just cleverly arranged with upstanding loops of white *mousseline*, the folds all converging toward centre-front, under a tight, straight bow of black velvet, while around the brim there fell a narrow black silk fringe. Only in connection with *jupons* is a very deep fringe employed, and then it is frequently set on the height of the knee. I cannot say I am much enamoured of the fringe-trimmed petticoat. The appearance is rather raggy and untidy, and the narrow quality now seen so often introduced at the hem of a skirt has a tendency to become very quickly tangled and worn.

Altogether, there are tempering influences in the favour to be accorded fringes, although they leave a distinct impression of importance behind.

Photograph *Reutlinger*

For Casino Wear

This charming *manteau* is of mauve taffeta, shot with rose. Both the frill to the graceful *fichu*, and the graduated frill surrounding the hem, are of double material

A Chic Casino Manteau

This adorable model from that impeccable *atélier*, the Maison Drecoll, is of mauve *souple* taffeta, shot with rose, frill to graceful *fichu*, and also a graduated frill surrounding the hem, both of which, it will be observed, are of double material, being set on with heavy cording. The *ceinture* is of black velvet, and concludes in a great *coquille* at one side.

A Sports Suit in General, and Fishing in Particular

A dun or khaki shade of tweed is the ideal choice if fishing chances to be the chief incentive, with leather collar facing, belt, and faced-up skirt hem, the latter fitted with tabs to haul up the length when the wearer is negotiating rough ground or walking up stream. The patch pockets are expanding affairs, capable of holding spare tackle, lunch, etc. Forethought also distinguishes the cut of the fronts, which slope away sharply from the waist, and thus allow of freer action.

THE DECADENCE OF PROVINCIAL ROWING

VALUABLE OPINIONS FROM WALES AND THE NORTH

THE PRESS AT FAULT

Mr. J. Reed, Jarrow-on-Tyne

For several years past the reports on amateur rowing events have received but very scanty attention in all the daily papers, whereas they used to be fully reported in a leading position, with each heat described, and perhaps the times given, thus forming very interesting reading even to one who was not able to attend the event. It was of general interest, I am sure, to many thousands who were not rowers. This slackness has, to say the least, not done the popularity of this premier national recreation of a maritime nation any good. It is, therefore, with great pleasure I notice a report of Tyne Regatta this year, most excellent and interesting.

AN UNFORTUNATE EXPERIMENT

Mr. Stoneman, Captain, Newport (Mon.) R.C.

I quite agree with your remarks as to golf attracting men from the river, but, in our club, tennis is causing greater havoc. A tennis section was added to the Club some years ago, intended to attract members and afford some recreation when tides were not serviceable for rowing. We have, however, to admit that tennis has, to a large extent, supplanted the serious side of rowing, and the greatest difficulty is experienced in getting men to train for any races. I think the greatest factor is the unwillingness of the present-day young man to take part in any hard exercise.

It is very difficult to suggest a remedy; the same apathy is noticed in other branches of sport; and I am forced to the conclusion that the greater the facilities provided the less are they appreciated and made use of. I think motoring has, indirectly, affected rowing, because people of influence have withdrawn their support and patronage for the newer and more easy mode of travelling. The result is, that rowing is left to a few keen followers.

MORE MONEY IN GOLF

Mr. W. A. Morris, Hon. Sec., Lancaster R.C.

As far as our own club is concerned, we have a great difficulty in getting members of a decent physique, and if we do get them they are usually too slack to go into training. I personally consider that golf is not the game for a man of twenty-one or twenty-two, height six feet, and weighing about twelve stone, to play. He would do himself and everybody else more good if he was lugging at an oar at No. 3 thwart.

It is one of the local arguments of our golfers that there are heaps more prizes to be won at golf than rowing. Why should they give up smoking and basking in the sun and then lose a race after training for six or eight weeks, when they can pick up prizes with a twelve handicap? Why?

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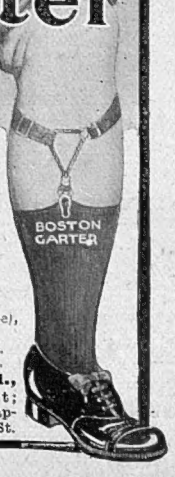

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The Editor's Box

New Vigour for Business Men

A large number of people consider smelling salts as only useful for weak-minded women and effeminate men. But a business man knows that after an hour or two's work in a close and stuffy office a whiff or two of a really good reliable smelling salts does much to clear the head and the brain for further business efforts. It is, therefore, no uncommon thing to find on the table of the strenuous brain-worker a bottle of Crown Lavender Salts preparation, which is eminently adapted for giving fresh vigour to the mind and clearing the head of that stuffy feeling which comes over men continually using their brain. All chemists sell the excellent preparation of the Crown Perfumery Company, all specialities of which are easily recognised by the design of a crown on the stoppers of such bottles as the Smelling Salts, Crab Apple Blossoms Scent, etc.

Where "Kümmel" Comes From

"Kümmel" is one of those fascinating liqueurs which appeal so strongly to the palate of the *bon viveur*, and it has an individuality of flavour which places it quite apart from the ordinary liqueurs. There is a vast difference, however, between the sugary decoctions sometimes sold as "Kümmel" and the *real* "Kümmel." The latter is made on the estate of Allasch, in Livonia, Russia, according to a secret formula possessed by the lord of the manor, and a facsimile of this gentleman's signature, "G. B. v. Blanckenhagen," appears on the label of every bottle of geniune "Kümmel." The name "Allasch" is familiar to all connoisseurs, and Messrs. J. A. Mentzendorff and Co., of Riga, Russia, who are the sole exporters of this "Kümmel," emphasise the importance of examining the label before purchasing in order to make sure that it bears the proper signature.

A Breath of the Moors

A new pleasure awaits you if you have never tasted Irish whiskey at its ripest and purest. "Shamrock" Whiskey is mellowed by years of storage in the humid climate of Ireland, and has a keen yet subdued flavour quite unlike any other. There is nothing harsh about it and no headaches follow the drinking of it, whilst for a "freshener" it is like a breath of the moors. Each bottle of "Shamrock" Whiskey has the "Veritor" guarantee label, and none is genuine without it.

Liqueur with a "Palate"

Being absolutely free from all deleterious substances "Grand Marnier" liqueur is particularly valuable for invalids, and as such it is regularly prescribed by the medical profession. Its delicious aroma and flavour render it particularly delightful to the palate.

Australian Mutual Provident Society

The amount of cash distributed by the Australian Mutual Provident Society (London Office: 37, Threadneedle Street, E.C.), as bonus for the single year was £847,607.

John Knight, Ltd.

The Directors have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for the half year ended May 31, 1911, payable on the 15th inst

Luxurious Railway Travel

The Great Central Railway Company has spoken the last word in luxurious travel by the introduction in their London and Manchester service of two entirely new trains, each of six coaches, the vehicles being 56ft. long, 8ft. wide, and mounted on two four-wheeled bogies of special type, which add considerably to the comfort of passengers, in ensuring their easy riding, with an absolute minimum of vibration. The carriages have been constructed in the Company's own works at Dukinfield. The old-fashioned ventilators, so common on the roofs of carriages, have given place to side louvre ventilators, which admit a good supply of air, but keep out the dust. The lavatory appliances are most complete, the lighting is electrical, and controllable back lights are provided to each class of compartment. Each compartment is provided with bell communication with the attendant. Double parcel racks are provided in the first-class compartments and dining-cars, and folding flush elbow rests conduce to changes of position on the part of the passenger during a long journey, while hassocks or footstools are also obtainable. In each side of the guard's van an ingenious train indicator, which is illuminated at night, has been introduced.

Mr. Fred Rome

An accomplished comedian and librettist, now appearing at Broadstairs. Mr. Rome has supplied several famous comedians with some of their most amusing material, notably Mr. Alfred Lester and Mr. Tom Clare

London's Suburb by the Sea

Green cliffs, a breezy pier, yachts, and red-sailed barges make Southend as bright and picturesque a seaside resort as one could wish. With most people is an inborn desire to live at some indefinite period of their lives by the sad sea waves; but hope is usually deferred, and the wish never materialises. Yet the enterprise of the Great Eastern Railway in providing new and luxurious expresses linking Southend with London in an hour will find many converts for homes by the sea and new vigour. For the new services place Southend in the light of a suburban seaside resort for Londoners. Each morning four fast expresses leave Southend for Liverpool Street before ten o'clock. These are known as business trains. During the day at frequent intervals other trains perform the distance between London and the seaside. In the evening other fast expresses, performing the journey in one hour, are run from London back to Southend for the business man. The trains are fitted with every luxury and convenience, with breakfast cars in the morning, and tea cars in the afternoon. For the sum of six guineas one may journey as often as convenient between London and Southend for three months.

Defying the Elements

At one of the open-air kiosks at the Festival of Empire, Crystal Palace, a rainproof, yet self-ventilating cloth called the "Omne Tempus" is subjected without intermission to a practical test that is really very convincing. A yard or so of the cloth is suspended aslant in the air, with streams of water playing freely on it. The sceptical are freely permitted to rub the back of the cloth in the very spot where the water is playing, but the friction will not draw the water through. Should the critic be a smoker the stall manager then hands him an india-rubber pipe, inviting him to blow tobacco smoke through the identical spot he has just been rubbing. This is proof positive that the "Omne Tempus" cloth really excludes rain but admits air. Messrs. Samuel Brothers, Ltd., the old-established tailors and outfitters, of Ludgate Hill, the exhibitors, inform us that the "Omne Tempus" is their exclusive property, obtainable only from themselves or of their country agents.

Holiday Excursions from Euston

The London and North Western Railway Company announce a very complete list of excursions for the months of August and September. Among the number are cheap bookings on Friday nights and Saturdays to North Wales and the Cambrian Line. Scotland has been well provided for by bookings every Friday night; and on Saturday mornings to September 2 excursion tickets will be obtainable to Edinburgh and Glasgow by the 11.25 a.m. corridor express. The bookings to Dublin, Galway, Killarney, Cork, and other stations in the South of Ireland are in operation.